SIR ROGER
DE COVERLEY

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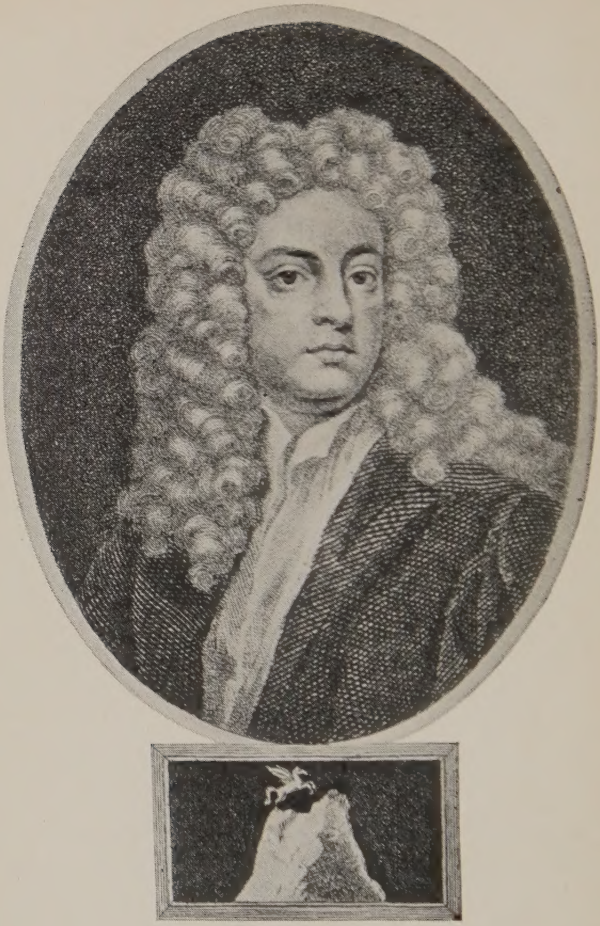

JOSEPH ADDISON
(1672-1719)

THE SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

From *The Spectator*

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PREFACE

THERE are few of us teachers of English who did not in our childhood read *Gulliver's Travels*—an abridged and expurgated edition, of course, with fanciful illustrations of giants and dwarfs. We read the book as we would read any volume of fairy tales or wonders; and we missed, as it was right and proper we should, Swift's bitter purpose to hold human nature and human society up to ridicule. Perhaps in later life we wondered whether we lost more than we gained in thus acquiring, early in life, a total misconception of a great English classic. Mental readjustments are sometimes very teasing and very difficult, especially when an adult is striving to be rid of the long-cherished misconceptions of childhood.

There are many teachers who are content that their pupils should miss entirely the underlying purpose of the authors of *The Spectator,* and should read *The De Coverley Papers* as essays detached from their background, or as little stories of bygone times and obsolete manners. They may go as far as to show how, strung on one slender thread of interest in Sir Roger, we have here a series of loosely connected incidents, in which we may discover a beginning of the modern novel. Beyond this some teachers may not care to

go, and certainly their decision should be somewhat guided by the age at which the pupil is introduced to Sir Roger.

My own feeling is that in these days when our youth are demanding novels full of incident and plot and short stories charged with rapid action, *The De Coverley Papers* will be found very stale reading indeed if they are to be judged in competition with modern fiction. I believe that interest in the essays can be roused and maintained only as they are studied (not merely read in a cursory manner) with a full understanding of their background and with a clear comprehension of the purposes that actuated the authors. To supply such a background as fully as it may be supplied within the limits of a restricted introduction, and to show clearly in the notes what each essay attempted to satirize, has been my purpose in preparing this edition of *De Coverley*.

In relying on Hogarth for giving to the pupil an opportunity to visualize the London of Queen Anne's day, I am, of course, aware that Hogarth's pictures exhibit the city of more than a generation later. The city had not, however, changed markedly in outward appearance within that time; the London of 1740-60 was substantially the London of 1710. Indeed, certain parts of Bloomsbury today remind one of Hogarth's London, and it requires little imagination for one who stands in the vicinity of Russell Square to picture eighteenth century Londoners, with powdered wigs and laced cuffs and ornate swords, parad-

ing against the background which those old streets supply. I feel it to be altogether fitting that the artist who satirized London with his brush should be called upon to supplement the work of the essayists who satirized London with their pens.

HOWARD BEMENT.

Asheville School, 1930.

"What ruled writer and reader alike was the new-found pleasure of talk. The use of coffee had only come in at the close of the civil wars, but already London and the bigger towns were crowded with coffeehouses. The popularity of the coffeehouse sprang not from its coffee, but from the new pleasure which men found in their chat over the coffee-cup. And from the coffeehouse sprang the essay.

"The talk of Addison and Steele is the brightest and easiest talk that was ever put in print: but its literary charm lies in this, that it is strictly talk. The essayist is a gentleman who chats to a world of gentlemen, and whose chat is shaped and colored by a sense of what he owes to his company. He must interest and entertain, he may not bore them; and so his form must be short; essay or sketch, or tale or letter. So, too, his style must be simple, the sentences clear and quotable, good sense ready packed for carriage. There was no room for pedantry, for the ostentatious display of learning, for pompousness, for affectation.

"The essayist was a gay, light-hearted, good-humored observer of the social life about him, amused and glad to be amused by it all, looking on with a leisurely and somewhat indolent interest, a quiet enjoyment, a quiet skepticism, a shy, reserved consciousness of their beauty and poetry, at the lives of common men and common women. It is to the essayist that we owe our sense of the infinite variety and picturesqueness of the human world about us; it was he who for the first time made every street and every house teem with living people for us, who found a subtle interest in their bigotries and prejudice, their inconsistencies, their eccentricities, their oddities, who gave to their very dullness a charm. In a word, it was he who first opened to men the world of modern fiction." —Altered and abridged from Green's *History of the English People.*

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INTRODUCTION

I. WHAT THE DE COVERLEY PAPERS ARE

On March 1, 1711, Sir Richard Steele and his friend Joseph Addison began the publication of *The Spectator*, a periodical which appeared every day except Sunday, and which continued until December 6, 1712, when publication was suspended. Each issue consisted of a single small sheet and contained one essay. If the essay was not long enough to fill the double columns on both sides of the sheet, the remaining space was usually given to notices or advertisements.

From the 555[1] issues of this periodical, there have been selected 35 essays that have to do, wholly or in part, with Sir Roger de Coverley, a country squire, who is as real a character as ever stepped forth from the pages of fiction. For Sir Roger we are indebted to the genius of Steele, who drew the initial portrait of him in issue No. 2 of *The Spectator*. *The De Coverley Papers* are, then, those essays of *The Spectator* which have to do with Sir Roger, and which develop, with a kind of loose continuity, the character, the fortunes, and the life of that "good old knight," whom we pity and smile at, love and admire.

[1]Addison, without Steele's aid, resumed the publication of *The Spectator* as a tri-weekly in 1714, and continued the paper for 80 issues, making 635 in all.

II. PERIODICAL LITERATURE

From our point of view, a daily paper like *The Spectator* seems a strange thing, for we have no periodicals like it today. It was a more or less strange thing in Queen Anne's day too, although its nearest of kin, Steele's *Tatler*, had appeared two years before, in 1709. In 1700 there was no such thing as a daily newspaper. The semi-weekly *Gazette*, a semi-official organ of the government, gave out news of the court, notices of promotions in army and navy, and brief accounts of military movements. But of news in our sense there was little or none. In 1702 appeared the first daily newspaper, a single sheet printed on one side, *The Daily Courant* by name. It contained brief newsletters from the continental capitals, but still of news in our sense, very little. Nor were there in *The Courant* any editorials. A tentative plan for editorial comment was, in fact, rejected by the author of the paper, who wrote in his first issue: "Nor will he [the author] take upon him to give any comments or conjectures of his own, but will relate only matter of fact; supposing other people to have sense enough to make reflections for themselves."

That part of the daily newspaper which we associate with the editorial page was the product, in the early eighteenth century, of the pamphleteers, men who put forth at frequent but irregular intervals pamphlets on political and other subjects. Of pamphleteers there were hundreds, and of pamphlets

there were thousands. *The Spectator* was really a periodical pamphlet, and if we think of it at all as a daily paper, we must think of it as a kind of chatty, informal editorial page. Were we to put *The Daily Courant* and *The Spectator* together, we should have perhaps the nearest approach in early periodical literature to our modern daily paper.

Of papers that may be thought of as somewhat like *The Spectator* there were, besides *The Tatler,* two that were published prior to 1709. The first was John Dunton's *Athenian Mercury,* begun in 1690. It was like the "question and answer department" to be found in modern periodicals. In 1704 Daniel Defoe, who has been called "the father of journalism," began to issue a paper called *Weekly Review of the Affairs in France,* which contained what Defoe called "a court of justice for the censuring and exposing of vice." In 1710 the writer of the *Review* publicly turned this office over to a new periodical, which Richard Steele had launched on April 12, 1709, under the name of *The Tatler,* and which he was publishing three times a week.

This paper was the immediate forerunner of *The Spectator,* and as such deserves careful notice. Steele concealed his authorship of it under the pseudonym of "Isaac Bickerstaff," a name which Swift had made famous in his attacks on the silly almanac-maker and fortune-teller, John Partridge. Addison soon discovered his friend's authorship of *The Tatler,* and offered to assist in the undertaking. Of the 271

numbers, he wrote 42 and collaborated in others. He cordially subscribed to the purpose of the paper, "to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning and vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behavior."

How well *The Tatler* succeeded in its effort to chasten society is well known, but its greatest service lay in paving the way for *The Spectator*. Steele's paper was discontinued on January 2, 1711, and two months later *The Spectator*, the joint undertaking of the two brilliant friends, was given to the public as a daily.

The difference between *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* lay chiefly in this: the former dealt occasionally with political subjects; the latter, never. Both discoursed on literary topics, satirized the faults of society, and attempted a correction of the stage; but *The Tatler* was more informal and, at times, more boisterous than its successor.

III. EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SATIRE

A GREAT change had come over England in the hundred years between 1600 and 1700. In 1600 the wave of creative enthusiasm that gave us some of the greatest names in literature was at its height. Marlowe, Spenser, and Sidney had been dead but a few years; Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were at the peak of their remarkable powers; Donne and the lesser

poets, and Beaumont and Fletcher and the lesser dramatists were doing their great second-best in literary achievement; Elizabeth was still on the throne, the central shining figure of that gorgeous court which was the envy of the world. It was an age of vivid imagination, of intellectual idealism, of belief in the power of mind to solve every problem of life. It was an age of action, and it created the drama; it was an age of romance, and it created the greatest poetry of our language. "*Attempt* was the watchword;" poetry was the great interpreter. It was an age of poetry.

In 1700 we find an age of prose. Life had become stiff and conventional. Society was smug and self-content. The motto of the time was, "Whatever is, is right"; and both life and literature walked by rule, formal and precise. It was an age of common sense, which believed in honesty not for its own sake, but because "honesty is the best policy." It was an age of compromises and expedients; of outward politeness and inward brutality; of a parade of virtue that masked a heart of vice. It was a "paradise of cold hearts and narrow minds." Idealism was dead; poetry was decadent. It was, again, an age of prose.

We can see how such a period would produce satirists, men who held the times up to ridicule in merciless prose and verse. For verse was still written, —poetry that took the ideas of prose and measured them off in the mechanical metrical lines of the heroic couplet. Dryden and Pope held up to scorn in bitter

couplets an age that held up to scorn everything except its own smug self. Swift did in prose what Dryden and Pope did in verse; and a host of satiric scribblers followed after.

It was into this literary and social atmosphere that Steele and Addison penetrated with a new kind of satire: a genial, kindly, friendly sort of ridicule, which more than half persuaded that foolish age to laugh at itself. The greatness of the *Spectator* papers consists in their style and in their spirit.

IV. THE CAUSES THAT PRODUCED THE AGE OF QUEEN ANNE

If we are fully to understand the age that produced Steele and Addison and their satiric work, we must know something of the causes that made eighteenth century England what it was. They lay deep in the history of the preceding century and a half, a period of social, political, and religious changes. An understanding of these causes may be clarified by noting the following list of English sovereigns and the date of the accession of each:

1558 Elizabeth
1603 James I
1625 Charles I
1649 The Commonwealth—Oliver Cromwell
1660 Charles II (The Restoration)
1685 James II

1689 William and Mary (The Bloodless Revolution, 1688)
1702 Anne
1714 George I

In 1558 Elizabeth came to the throne, succeeding her sister, "Bloody Mary," who had succeeded her young brother, Edward VI. All were children of Henry VIII, under whom Catholicism had been banished and the Church of England established. Mary had reverted to Catholicism; Elizabeth re-established her father's church. Here we have the seeds of religious dissension, which bore fruit in a weakened church, the puppet of the state and of political expediency.

When Elizabeth died without issue and the House of Tudor came to an end, James VI of Scotland, as next of kin, ascended the English throne as James I. Thus began the rule of the House of Stuart, which continued (with the interruption of the Commonwealth) until James II was driven from the throne by the Bloodless Revolution of 1688. The Stuarts believed firmly in the divine right of kings and in a policy of intolerance toward all who dissented from the rule and practices of the Established Church. The former policy brought them, in the person of Charles I, who succeeded James I in 1625, into sharp collision with Parliament; the latter policy brought about the bitter antagonism of the Puritans, a party which for many years had been striving for the purification of the English Church. Political alignments

followed the social and religious cleavage: the Tories supported the King and his policies; the Whigs supported a policy of freedom of worship and were soon in control of Parliament. The Great Rebellion followed, Charles was beheaded, and the Puritan Party came into power with Oliver Cromwell as Lord Protector.

There ensued ten years of Puritan policy. The theatres were closed; the abbeys and churches were despoiled; holidays and feasting, dear to the English heart, were curtailed; strictness of religious observance according to Puritan rule was enforced. Those who held political office were compelled to affirm a rigid adherence to Puritan principles. All was, therefore, outward conformity, thanks to the power of Cromwell; but the heart of things was not much changed. Hypocrisy became the cloak that covered a multitude of sins. Literature languished, and all but died. Milton and Bunyan alone stand out like mountains in a plain of mediocrity.

With the death of Cromwell in 1658, there came a great wave of reaction after the long period of repression. Charles Stuart was called to the throne of his father, and in 1660 became King Charles II. Since the Great Rebellion he had been living at the French Court, and now, with the restoration of his house, he brought with him to England a company of courtiers and royal hangers-on who made his reign a synonym for license and debauchery. As the pendulum had swung too far toward repression under

Cromwell, so now it swung to the opposite extreme of indulgence under Charles. The theatres reopened, to present lewd plays; the church livings were restored to their former incompetent and worldly-minded clergy; holidays were rechristened amid drunken orgies: society became obscene; literature flashed out into a brilliant debauchery; and thus there came, as Macaulay said, "the days never to be recalled without a blush"; and thus there were spun the threads of that social and religious fabric which we see outwardly displayed in the days of Queen Anne, of Addison and Steele.

Charles II ruled for twenty-five years. In 1685 he was succeeded by his brother, James II. Charles had lived a Church of England man, but he died a Catholic. James was a professed Catholic from the beginning, and religious dissension was again rife. The political ferment began when James also showed, early in his reign, a tendency to enforce the old Stuart tenets, which had cost his father his life. The Whigs rose in all their power, which had been drugged into a kind of insensibility but was not dead; and the Bloodless Revolution of 1688 was accomplished. James fled to the Continent; the Stuart House was at an end; and the Whigs called in William of Orange and his English wife, Mary, to take the vacant throne. They compelled these joint monarchs, however, to subscribe to the Bill of Rights, by virtue of which the English Parliament has ever since been superior to the Crown.

This was the second chapter of that fierce Whig and Tory rivalry that played so important a part in Anne's reign and is so often referred to in *The Spectator*. The Whigs were in power until Anne came to

QUEEN ANNE
(1664-1714; Queen of England, 1702-1714)

the throne in 1702, the result of a Tory coup; but the Tories lost power when the famous Whig general, Marlborough, won his brilliant victory at Blenheim. The Tories came in again in 1710, when the country

found itself in a ferment over the trial of the famous Tory preacher, Dr. Sacheverell, who accused the Whigs of abandoning the English Church. But they lost power with the death of Anne, and the Whigs dictated her successor in the person of the Elector of Hanover, who in 1714 became King George I.

Political rivalry, religious decadence and dissension, bitter lines of social cleavage between the classes —these were the outstanding features of the England of Anne's reign which furnished such shining targets for the shafts of eighteenth century satirists. We must now supplement this brief historical summary by a more intimate study of the England in which Steele and Addison lived and wrote, for *The De Coverley Papers* are full of references to social, political, and religious conditions which we must understand if we are to understand the essays.

V. ENGLAND IN 1710—LONDON

London, which today fairly stuns the casual visitor with its immense area and vast population, was in Queen Anne's day a sprawling, unkempt town of 500,000 people, extending about five miles along the Thames, and about two miles in width. It was a dirty, evil-smelling place, with only the crudest devices for the disposal of sewage. It was ill-paved and ill-lighted, and its narrow tortuous streets were lined with mean shops

"The City" and Westminster

and smoke-begrimed dwellings, all set flush with the narrow sidewalks. In certain districts, notably around Russell Square, were broader thoroughfares lined with tall bleak residences of almost no architectural pretensions, where people of fashion dwelt. That part of London which was congested within the area formerly bounded by the old walls was known as "the City," and here was the "busy hive of men," the center of commerce and trade. Its principal thoroughfare, parallel to the river, was Fleet Street, at the western extremity of which, where the old wall formerly crossed it, stood Temple Bar, a triple-arched building spanning the street and marking the end of "the City" and the beginning of the City of Westminster. In this southwestern suburb also lived people of wealth and fashion, who looked with contempt on the residents of "the City" because they were engaged in "trade." Across the river was Spring Garden, or Vauxhall, a kind of amusement park to which all classes resorted.

The streets by day

For the most part the streets were unpaved, and were foul with refuse swept from the shops or flung from upper windows. Gutters, or open drains, bordered the narrow sidewalks, where walking was perilous if traffic in the street was congested; for carts splashed the luckless fellow who could not keep close to the wall, and there was no less danger of his being pushed bodily into the "kennels," as the miry gutters were called. The street-bully "kept the wall" as he swaggered down

A London Street at Early Morning

(After Hogarth's *Times of the Day*)

The artist depicts a winter's morning in Covent Garden. Tom King's coffeehouse (right) is just discharging its riotous merrymakers. The old maiden-lady, followed by her shivering foot-boy with her prayer-book, is on her way to morning service.

the sidewalk; the weaker pedestrian "gave the wall"; and between "give and take" many a fine street brawl resulted, with swords flashing if the persons involved were "dandies," and with fists at work if they were not. Over the sidewalks there projected from the first story elevation of many of the shops a low sloping roof, or penthouse; and in addition a gutter-pipe, down both of which poured in rainy weather torrents of water to the discomfiture of him who had to "yield the wall" and walk close to the kennels.

As the houses were not numbered, the shops were designated by name or symbol, evidence of which was displayed on an ornate sign that hung creaking over the pavement. Beneath the sign, in the door of his shop, stood the proprietor or his 'prentice, calling out to passersby the bargains that could be found inside. This on the shopkeeper's part was mere self-defence, for he had to compete with hundreds of itinerant vendors, who shouted their wares from Cheapside to Temple Bar in raucous voices that have made "The Cries of London" famous, or infamous.[1] Mingling with the din rose the voices of the ballad-singers, who bellowed forth their songs and cried the prices of their ballad-sheets in almost the same breath. Add to these jarring sounds the shouts of those who were striving for the right of way, and you will be able to imagine a little of the bedlam that London was by day: a sedan chairman crying "Make way there";

[1] See Essay XXVIII, page 215.

a coachman, driving a gilded coach, shrieking "make room" at a carman, or drayman. There were porters carrying trunks, chimney-sweeps flourishing brooms, pushers of barrows and peddlers' carts, all vociferous in claiming their rights and all hoarse with cursing him who ran counter to them.

The streets by night

By night the streets were bleak and bare, and full of fitful shadows cast by the meager tin lamps that were lighted at six and burned until midnight when the moon was not bright enough to serve. The glow of moon and the flicker of lamp were supplemented by the "officious Link Boy's Smoaky Light," a torch that could be hired for a penny or two to precede you to your destination. It was well to be lighted on your way; it was better still to have with you an armed attendant or two,[1] for the Mohocks might be abroad. These were but one of a number of secret fraternities, whose sole purpose seemed to be the terrifying of respectable London under the cover of darkness. Their membership was largely recruited from the rich young bloods of the town; and their escapades ran all the way from the despoiling of property to the practicing of indignities upon people who were so unwary as to go unprotected at night. John Gay and Dean Swift both dilate at length on the lawless actions of these outlaw-bands, who would break windows, wrench knockers and knobs from doors, seize men and boys and slash their noses, or roll women down hill in barrels.

[1]See Essay XXXII, page 235.

A London Street by Night

(After Hogarth's *Times of the Day*)

The sign above the barber's window reads, "Shaving, Bleeding, and Teeth Drawn with a Touch—*Ecce Signum.*" The Salisbury Flying Coach has been overturned by running into a bonfire.

To preserve order at night there were the watchmen. "Old, infirm men, badly paid, incumbered with a long staff and a lantern, perambulated the streets under the authority of a constable. Who cared for them? Certainly not a Mohock."[1] And certainly not the real night-prowlers of London, the criminals from docks and river-front, compared with whom the Mohocks were veriest amateurs at wickedness.

Some of the Mohocks, at least, were the restless sons of the gentry looking for excitement. They were representatives of that large leisure class which was a curse of the time—as a large leisure class is the curse of any time; for such a class must be constantly at work to provide for itself some new sensation, some amusement or diversion to kill the idle hours of complete boredom. The leisure class of Queen Anne's day frequented, among other places of popular resort, the public gardens like Vauxhall[2] (Spring Garden) or Ranelagh, which lay just outside of town. Here at night were music and dancing, drinking and gambling, with crowds of high and low degree. The scene was one of animation and color, even though the artificiality of the resorts, with their gilt and tinsel trimmings, must have bespoken a wretched taste in decoration. No less popular were the fairs held at periodical intervals on the outskirts of the city. Here were cheap shows, dancers, tumblers, rope-walkers, and strange

Amusements: The gardens and fairs

[1] Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.*

[2] See Essay XXXIV, page 245.

freaks of all kinds, of which apparently London could never see enough. In Hyde Park, then but little more than an open meadow outside the city, the quality would ride or walk after dinner.

Amusements: Bear-baiting, cock-fighting, gambling, etc.

There were many other places of resort in London where the upper classes, the middle classes, and even the underworld indiscriminately rubbed elbows in their greedy search for "some new thing" in the way of diversion. Ashton mentions three things that every one, at some time or other, went to see: the lions in the Tower, the tombs in Westminster Abbey,[1] and the insane folk at Bedlam.[2] These at least indicate a catholic kind of curiosity on the part of seekers for sensation. But even the politest beaux of the time sought many more robust pleasures. The bear-pits had their devotees, and bear-baiting and bull-baiting were common sports; so were cock-fighting, prize-fighting, and exhibitions of cudgel-play and sword-play, none of which was considered worth the price of admission if a head were not cracked or blood drawn. The stakes for all these brutal sports were high; the bets placed were often large. Indeed, the gambling instinct was so prevalent that sport for sport's sake was almost unknown. The milder diversions like horse-racing, shooting-matches, and even bowling on the greens depended largely for their interest on the stake involved or the bets laid. Gam-

[1] See Essay XXX, page 226.

[2] Look up the derivation of "Bedlam."

bling clubs were many, where both men and women sat all night over their cards. Of more innocuous sports, football, cricket, tennis and billiards were popular.

The taste of the time was so naïve and childlike in the interest it displayed in things dramatic that we wonder how the drama which reached such heights in the Elizabethan age could have sunk so low. The crowds of Queen Anne's day seemed to find equal interest in the lifeless effigies of the wax-works and in the animated effigies of the puppet-shows; in the "Drolls," or crude comedies, shown by wandering actors in ramshackle booths; and in the more pretentious plays presented in the licensed theatres. The opera was a new thing, and quite the rage. As for the legitimate stage, the plays were cleaner than in the days of King Charles, thanks to the purgative quality of Jeremy Collier's fierce denunciations and to Queen Anne's proclamations of 1704 and 1705 forbidding that anything be acted "contrary to religion or good manners." Most of the plays were stilted and stiff, false to life, and of a coarse humor. Shakespeare was occasionally revived, but usually in the "rewritten and improved" form of Colley Cibber and other "play-butchers."

Amusements: Puppet-shows, exhibitions, and the theatres

London society flocked to the theatre at the fashionable hour of five. Here the world was on parade. Here was the mincing fop in buckled shoes, silk stockings, tight knickerbockers, laced and ruffed shirt, and powdered wig, invariably carrying a dainty cane or

an ornate sword or both. Here was the coquettish woman of fashion in high-heeled shoes, billowing skirts, laced bodice, and powdered hair, wearing on her powdered face the popular "beauty-patch," and carrying the inevitable fan. The fashionable folk sat in the stage-boxes or on the stage itself—a practice forbidden by Queen Anne—or in the amphitheatre behind "the pit." The pit, which was immediately in front of the stage and which was filled with benches without backs, also accommodated men and women of quality and many of the more intelligent and cultivated of the middle class—the writers and other professional men. The two galleries provided benches for the common folk and for the "gallery gods," as they were even then called. The "gods" voiced their approval or disapproval throughout the play in noisy fashion, the beaux and coquettes chattered their small talk in box or pit, and all in all it must have been a difficult matter for the actors to put their lines across. As one contemporary writer said, it was "higgledy piggledy, chatter, toy, play, hear, hear not"; and in and out passed the orange-girls and sweetmeat vendors.

The man of fashion

A typical day in the life of such a man of fashion as we have seen at the theatre must have been an enlivening experience. He rose late, after a breakfast in bed, received his friends, strolled out to his favorite coffee-house, lounged about the streets, made a purchase or two at his haberdasher's, went back to his coffee-house, strolled out again, wound up at the theatre, and later dined and

sat down at the card table. "This was the sum of his existence, which, if the money held out, lasted until he either physically rotted or settled down to married life, sated and blasé; or, if it was soon spent . . . there was nothing but the living death of the debtors' gaol, from which release was next to impossible."[1]

The woman of fashion

Not much different was the daily life of a woman of fashion. Addison tells us in No. 323 of *The Spectator* how she spent her time and what her interests were, and other contemporary writers give a picture of the lady no less clear. Until noon she lay in bed and there, after a preliminary toilet, held her morning levée. "She dressed all the afternoon, dined or went to the play in the evening, and played cards till midnight." She read a little, but seldom anything more profound than a spicy play or a sentimental romance.[2] She walked a little in the Mall, or rode abroad in coach or chair, usually accompanied by her lap-dog or pet monkey, and usually for the purpose of practicing her coquetries and relieving her boredom.

The coffee-houses

Of the favorite resorts of the men, the coffeehouses deserve our especial attention, for about them much of the life of the early eighteenth century revolved. They were no new thing, but they had suddenly become amazingly popular and had grown accordingly in numbers. In character, they

[1] Ashton's *Social Life in the Reign of Queen Anne.*
[2] See Essay V, page 89.

A COFFEEHOUSE

Observe the open fire, the bar-maid, and the man flinging a dish of coffee at his adversary.

were a cross between the tavern and the private club. To them men of all classes resorted, and in them they lounged, drank coffee or liquor, discussed the news, talked over the fashions, criticized the latest play, and commented on the latest book. There men made appointments and often put through a piece of business. "You have all manner of news there," writes Misson, the French traveler. "You have a good fire, which you may sit by as long as you please; you have a dish of coffee, you meet your friends for the transaction of business; and all for a penny, if you don't care to spend more."

It was as clearing-houses for the news that the coffeehouses were most sought. Picture a day when periodicals that published real news were almost unknown; when, if you would know what was going on in court or society, in Parliament or on 'change, at home or abroad, you must rely largely on word of mouth. The coffeehouses became vocal newspapers in the absence of adequate printed ones. It followed naturally that certain coffeehouses came to be the purveyors of certain kinds of news, for the men who frequented this or that house had access to and were prone to discuss news of a certain type. So it was that there were coffeehouses for Tories and for Whigs, for those of literary bent and for those who affected the theatre, for lawyers and for stockjobbers.

Of the 3,000 coffeehouses in London in 1710, Ashton has made a list of 500 whose names have

survived. Of those most frequently mentioned in *The Spectator* we have "The Grecian," in the Temple, and "Child's," in St. Paul's Churchyard,—both frequented by professional men—lawyers, churchmen, and scientists; "Button's," in Russell Street, Covent Garden, a favorite haunt of Addison's; "Jonathan's," in Exchange Alley, a resort of the stock-jobbers; "Will's," near Covent Garden, where the poets foregathered; "Old Man's," in the Tilt Yard at Whitehall,[1] the haunt of the military; and "St. James's," a Whig house. "White's" and the "Cocoa Tree" were famous chocolate-houses, the latter a great Tory rendezvous. "Squire's," in Holborn, was the house to which Sir Roger and the Spectator went "to smoke a pipe . . . over a dish of coffee."[2]

The mixed aroma of coffee and tobacco; voices lifted high in debate or sunk to a confidential exchange of gossip; on the tables the latest number of *The Gazette*, *The Weekly Review*, *The Post Boy*, or *The Spectator*, over which discussion rises and sinks; a dozing group about the open fire; a confidential couple in a corner lost in the mazes of a business contract; from this table and from that scraps of comment and criticism concerning today's essay in *The Spectator*, the latest news in Dawks's *News-letter*, Dr. Sacheverell's latest sermon, or Cibber's latest play; smoke, drink, discussion, noise, confusion—such was a coffeehouse in the reign of Queen Anne.

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[1]See Essay IX, page 111.
[2]See Essay XXIX, page 225.

The middle classes

What were the middle classes talking and thinking about all this while? The professional men about their professional work, of course; and the business men about their trade. All were discussing the war on the Continent, wherein the Duke of Marlborough and the Austrian general, Prince Eugene, were the leading figures; and all would have a word to say on politics, or non-conformity. The city residents were mostly Whigs, and would uphold the "Pope's Procession," the anti-catholic demonstration with which, on November 17, the anniversary of Queen Elizabeth's coronation was celebrated. There would be much talk of the last state lottery and who had drawn the prize; of insurance rates at Lloyd's; of money rates on 'change; of prices of tea, coffee, chocolate, tobacco, and spices at foreign ports; of yesterday's visit to the celebrated astrologer, who lived in Black Friar's Gateway; of tomorrow's trip up the river to Richmond; of next week's visit to the races at Epsom: or of this afternoon's turn on the bowling green at Putney or Ham Lane—for bowling was "essentially a sober cit's amusement," and new greens were being built in many of the London suburbs.

The church

What did the middle classes think and feel about the church? It is probable that they thought little and felt less. "The church was asleep—nothing was heard of it. . . . Priests duly baptized, married, preached to, and buried their flock; but there was little vitality in their ministrations. . . . The church services had no life in them. . . . The

clergy, as a body, were little thought of . . . and the butt of all satire was the domestic chaplain. He was a member of the household of every person of position, yet he had no social status." If he sat at table, he was expected to leave before dessert was served; if he married, he was expected to aspire to no greater height than to the hand of the Lady's maid.

As London grew in size, no adequate provision was made for an increase in the number of churches; and in 1711 a bill was passed and approved, providing for the erection of fifty in London and Westminster.[1] But church buildings could hardly supply the breath of life to an all-but-dead formalism. A strict Sunday observance was the middle-class standard of respectability; but of spiritual well-being the middle and the upper classes were both, unhappily, quite ignorant.

VI. ENGLAND IN 1710—THE COUNTRY

Town and country

The relation between town and country was one of both remoteness and intimacy. The country was so remotely isolated, owing to the difficulties of travel, that many a small landholder had never been outside his county; and many a tenant-farmer had never in his life seen a city. On the other hand, some of the country gentry, the great nobles and the wealthy squires,[2] had their town houses, and

[1] See Essay XXXIV, page 247.

[2] The term "squire" is, for obvious reasons, used more or less loosely for "country gentleman" or "lord of the manor." The student should, however, know the exact meaning of the word.

journeyed up to London each year "for the season." Many of the men of wealth and fashion in the city, however, seldom visited their country estates, but drew from them, nevertheless, large revenues in rents and leaseholds. But such civilizing influence as the better part of city life could exercise upon the country was sadly lacking, and life in the country was crude and rough at best.

Difficulties and dangers of travel

A trip from London to Worcestershire, the midland county in which Sir Roger lived, can today be made in little more than two hours by express train. In 1710 a loaded coach could cover the hundred miles in two days if the weather were good, but in a rainy season twice or thrice that time might be needed. The roads were occasionally mere bogs, and in winter the ruts might be so deep as to prevent two coaches from passing. Then arose hectic disputes over right of way,[1] the coach *to* London usually claiming precedence over that *from* London, but not always getting it. The disputes were often settled by might rather than by right, as in the cases of disputes in London over the privilege of keeping the wall.

Nor was the isolation of the country to be accounted for solely by the difficulties of travel, for there were dangers of travel as well. The roads were infested by highwaymen, a race of practitioners who had in times past grown famous in the long and successful pursuit of their profession. In 1710 the highwaymen

[1] See Essay XXVI, page 207.

A Country Inn Yard (Hogarth)

The landlady is ringing the bell; the coach is ready to start; some of the passengers are already in their place. In the background, an election procession is forming.

were a "lesser breed without the law," and any coach-trip of a day would reveal at least one of these malefactors hanging in chains to a gibbet at the crossroads. Travelers who escaped the peril of the road, however, fell into the hazards of the wayside tavern. The inns were crude at best, and the entertainment touch and go. If a Tory stopped at a Whig inn, he was sure of poor food and worse service; and the Tory innkeeper treated his Whig guest no better.[1] It was not surprising that the traveler usually made his will before setting off on a journey.

With traveling so difficult and so dangerous, it is little wonder that the mails were few and irregular, and that the news when it finally reached the country was stale and flat. With no coffeehouses to serve as centers of news and discussion, there was among the country dwellers little chance of mental stimulus. Books were few, and chiefly of two kinds: solemn tomes on religion and philosophy, or racy tales of romantic adventure; and even these many a country squire was too ignorant to read.

The country squire

The country squire was, on the whole, a breezy, blustering fellow, but stolid of intellect and slow in decision. Of education he had only a smattering, but of honest prejudice a great deal. He was probably a Tory in politics, and herein his prejudice was most active. With him as with Sam Johnson a few years later, "Charles II and James II

[1] See Essay XXIII, page 192.

were two of the best kings that ever reigned. . . . He hated dissenters and stock-jobbers, the excise and the army, septennial parliaments and continental connections. He was himself a Tory not from rational conviction, but from mere passion."

He had strong convictions, however, whether rational or irrational, about the inalienable rights of the English gentry, and felt that he and his kind were the divinely appointed heads of a benevolent feudal system. Under the law of primogeniture the estates were handed down from father to eldest son, "whole and entire, without the loss of a single field or meadow." Thus the eldest son became by law the "lord of the manor," in which position he exercised an almost autocratic authority over his little world. His was the village with its winding street of modest cottages; his was the adjacent tillage and grazing land; his was the control over the parish church; his was the manor house set back in the park, where he lived in a kind of splendid aloofness from, or condescending intimacy with, his tenants. His was a strange admixture of ignorance and native wit, of autocracy and fraternity, of roughness and kindness. He was, moreover, often the "knight of the shire," the representative in Parliament of his district, or justice of the peace or of the quorum.[1] But no matter what he was by law or by courtesy, he was in fact an unschooled gentleman-farmer, who had inherited land and the right to rule those dependent on it. Be

[1]See note on page 72, l. 19.

it said to his credit that the country squire was often beloved by his tenants, to whom he stood *in loco parentis;* but he was too often a drunken, roistering bully.

The younger sons; the clergy

In the meantime, the law of primogeniture had deprived the younger sons of everything but their blue blood. They must be true to that at whatever cost; and being true to it consisted in adopting one of two courses: they could live on their elder brother's bounty and idle away their time "like gentlemen," or they could embrace one of the "polite professions"—diplomacy, military life, the church, or possibly law or medicine. Go into trade they must not.[1] As a matter of course, many of them went into the church, not because they "felt the call," but because the preparation was easy, the work was light, and the profession was one of recognized politeness and might lead to a bishopric and a seat in the House of Lords.

The church appointments, or "livings," being supported by taxation, were really the gift of the state; but many a country squire controlled the appointment to his own parish church and used it to pay social or political debts. Sometimes the Squire's private chaplain acted as the parish priest, and the qualifications sought in such an one were sure to be mainly social.[2] In many instances, too, the appointment was merely nominal; the "living" supported the priest

[1] See Essay VIII, page 108.
[2] See Essay VI, page 97.

in a life of luxury and idleness at London or Bath, the parish being left in the care of an underpaid curate. On the other hand, it was no unusual thing for the parson to be the only man of intellect or social intelligence in the parish. He was the Squire's library, reference book, clerk, and bookkeeper, as well as his companion at bowls or on the hunt.

Life in the country

It was a circumscribed life at best which the country gentleman led. His interests all lay within a narrow radius of which his manor-house was the center. A bailiff, or superintendent, attended to the details of business—collected the rents, saw to repairs, and kept track of the markets. The chaplain looked after the morals and the morale of the tenantry. The Squire was thus left free to divert himself as he would. There might, after dinner, be backgammon with the parson over a tankard of ale; there might be a season of reading by the parson, during which, pipe in hand, the Squire would doubtless fall asleep before the fire; there might be a cock-fight, which was a diversion even more popular in the country than in the city; there might be a match at bowls for a small stake on the bowling-green of a neighboring squire.

Hunting

The country gentleman's life, however, was largely out-of-doors, to which fact his ruddy face bore witness; and of all his diversions hunting was the chief. Stable and kennel were both selected with this sport of sports in view: horses for rough going over hill and dale, and packs of hounds

for fox and for hare. If the estate were that of a rich noble, there might be a hunting preserve stocked with deer and pheasant. The game act, class legislation of the worst type, preserved to the rich their right to hunt and forbade to the poor either hunting or fishing. No man with an income under forty pounds a year in rents was permitted to hunt, and a man with an income from rents of one hundred pounds a year had the right of confiscating the hunting paraphernalia of one whose income did not fall within the privilege.[1]

The tenantry: Country superstitions

Since ignorance is the mother of superstition, the tenant-farmers and the common laborers of Queen Anne's day were superstitious indeed. Chaucer's "if gold rust, what shall iron do?" was as applicable to the eighteenth century as to the fourteenth. Little could be expected of the common people when the upper classes were unlettered.

Many a tenant-farmer had never been more than a day's journey from home; many a day-laborer had never been a mile beyond his own village. Illiteracy was the rule rather than the exception. In the hearts of these people were the honest, homely virtues; but their childlike simplicity of mind was such as to lead them into an almost blind dependence on the lord of the manor and the vicar. Greatly as both these personages were revered, their combined influence could not overcome the ingrained superstition

[1]See Essay XX, page 172.

A Visit to an Eighteenth Century Astrologer

(After Hogarth's illustration for Butler's *Hudibras*)

Hudribras is defying Sidrophel, the astrologer. Note the stuffed animals, the globe, the cabalistic figures, the fur-trimmed robe of Sidrophel—all parts of the astrologer's stock-in-trade.

of the time. The city had its astrologer; the country had its witch; and the belief in ghosts was universal.[1] Only a short time before Addison wrote No. 117 of *The Spectator,* the paper on witches,[2] two women had been executed at Northampton for witchcraft. The ignorance of the common people could hardly be blamed for an implicit belief in that of which the law took common cognizance. The law providing for the capital punishment of witches actually remained on the statute books until 1736.

VII. ENGLAND IN 1710—TOWN VS. COUNTRY

Reference has been made to the two great lines of cleavage between city and country, but these need still further emphasis. They were the social and political schisms between the landed gentry and the trading class, and between the Tories and the Whigs. From one point of view the lines of cleavage were nearly identical, because almost all the landed interest was Tory and almost all the trading interest was Whig.

The country gentleman believed that politeness in life and manners consisted in ignoring trade as something essentially beneath him. The man who dwelt in aristocratic aloofness on a country estate, from which he drew a handsome living with nothing more

[1] See Essays X and XVI, pages 116 and 150.
[2] See Essay XVI, page 150.

to do than collect his rents, thought the tradesman petty and vulgar to be "bartering, chaffering, cheaping" and forever poring over cash books and ledgers. He despised the city, with its hurry and bustle, where every man was striving for a penny of profit by cutting off a penny of expense. The man in trade, the city-dweller, had, however, quite as much egotism as the country-dweller; he was apt to be as swollen with pride as his bank book was swollen with profits. He was also apt to be a struggler after the recognition of the great, and he would too often fawn for favors where there was any chance that the aristocrat might condescend to grant them.

The gulf between Tories and Whigs[1] was, as we have seen, widened and deepened by civil war. The Cromwellian wars had left a deep and bitter scar, which had grown livid once more when in 1688 the Whig revolution banished the Stuarts. Read again Section IV of this Introduction for an exposition of this fierce political rivalry. The country gentlemen, then, despised the citizens of London not only as those who were "soiled with trade," but also as those who were responsible for "England's political degeneracy."

Nor was this all: the Tory gentry were adherents of the established church; the Whig citizens were largely dissenters. Memories of Puritanism were hateful to the one; memories of Restoration license

[1]These names as defining the political parties did not come into common use until after 1679.

were hateful to the other. And so it was that Tory hated Whig; churchman hated dissenter; the country gentleman hated the city man.

The great nobles were part Tory and part Whig; the professional and educated men of the middle class were part Tory and part Whig, though Whig for the greater part. On one or more questions of policy, however, could all unite: all hated the Catholics and the Quakers; all united, though faintly at times, in the prosecution of the war on the continent; and all agreed that France was a common enemy and that "Brittania ruled the waves."[1] But the Tory loved the good old times, and the Whig suspected him of being a Jacobite plotter; the Whig was helping to usher in a new democracy, and the Tory suspected him of being an anarchist. Bigotry and suspicion ruled England.

VIII. THE PURPOSE AND METHOD OF *THE SPECTATOR*

We have seen what *The De Coverley Papers* are—essays culled from a new kind of daily paper that appeared in 1711; we have seen how such a paper came into being, and how it contributed its part toward the growth of periodical literature; we have noted these papers as organs of satire, and have observed how an age that invited satire grew out of seventeenth century conditions; finally, we have examined that

[1]See Essay XXVII, page 209.

age in some detail, as it lived its life in London and in the country. It is not a pretty picture that we have seen; but we must remember that the London fop, the silly woman of fashion, the complacent citizen, and the bigoted squire did not constitute the whole of England.

These folk were miming on the stage very much in the glare of the footlights; but in the background there was a large body of the middle class, and of the upper class, too, which was sober, industrious, and literate. Had there been no such class there would have been no great satire, for out of such a class came the satirists. But the amazing fact about *The Spectator* is that its satire was read and enjoyed and made a matter of profit by the very fools at whom it was leveled. Only a *purpose* and a *method* such as the authors of *The Spectator* employed could have wrought such a miracle.

Their *purpose* was frankly didactic: to educate the uneducated, and to check vice and folly. Addison early avowed the educational purpose when he wrote:[1] "It was said of Socrates that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me that I have brought philosophy out of closets[2] and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea tables and in coffee-houses." In other words, he would popularize knowledge. The purpose of the paper to scourge

[1] *The Spectator*, No. 10.
[2] Places of retirement for study and writing.

vice and folly was clearly set forth by Addison[1] when, in the person of the clergyman, he spoke of "*reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit.*" The Spectator himself summed all up when he remarked: "In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it."

The *method* to be employed was no less clearly set forth.[1] It was, first of all, to be a method of cheerfulness; the satire was to be that of the smiling, not of the vindictive, type. In the second place, the shafts of gentle ridicule were to be leveled at classes, not individuals; the satire was to be general, not specific. Addison, in the person of the Spectator, concluded Paper No. 34: "I must, however, intreat every particular person who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think of himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him *never to draw a faulty character which does not fit a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence and with a love to mankind.*" Throughout the life of the paper, Addison and Steele were true to the *purpose* and the *method* which they avowed; and in their fidelity they did more than any other single agency to redeem a degenerate age.

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[1] *The Spectator*, No. 34; Essay IV of this volume, page 87.

IX. THE INFLUENCE OF *THE SPECTATOR*

TAINE, the great French critic of English literature, said of Addison: "It is no small thing to make morality fashionable. Addison did it, and it remained in fashion. Formerly honest men were not polished, and polished men were not honest; piety was fanatical, and urbanity depraved; in manners as in letters, one could meet only Puritans or libertines. For the first time Addison reconciled virtue with elegance, taught duty in an accomplished style, and made pleasure subservient to reason."

How can there be explained an influence that was sufficiently widespread "to make morality fashionable"? Some of the reasons have already been hinted at. In an age of political strife and unreason, when there was no book nor play nor pamphlet but had its party bias, and when the church denounced Whigs and the chapels condemned Tories, *The Spectator* ignored politics entirely. This in itself was an odd and refreshing course for any periodical to take. The age was, furthermore, ripe for a change; and the appearance of *The Spectator* was timely. Politeness had become so much overdressed, fashion was so ultra-fashionable, society was so ridiculous, that even polite and fashionable society was beginning to sense the fact that something was wrong. And *The Spectator* nonchalantly happened along, in the very nick of time, "to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature." To

see the reflection therein was to laugh. The ladies laughed at the gentlemen, the gentlemen at the ladies; and then, suddenly, they laughed together at one another—and *at themselves.*

Nor must we overlook the devices employed by Steele and Addison to make their paper popular and thus increase its influence. Their making it a daily paper was one of these. If we except the *Courant,* there was hardly another daily paper in England; there was certainly no other that was wise and witty and spicy—and moral. It invited itself to be read over the teacups—read aloud and discussed. Addison earnestly advised his readers "to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea-equipage."[1] And Taine further remarks: "Let us figure to ourselves men of the world reading a page between two mouthfuls of 'bohea rolls,' ladies interrupting a phrase to ask when the next ball begins;" and we can picture many a social group, chiefly of women, in both town and country, greatly enlivened and equally edified over a number of this surprising daily visitor.

Two other reasons why the influence of *The Spectator* was widespread are of sufficient importance to warrant discussion under separate headings; for the *human quality* and the *style* of the paper contributed much to its success in gaining a wide hearing.

[1] *The Spectator,* No. 10.

X. THE HUMAN QUALITY OF *THE SPECTATOR*

When Macaulay was writing of Johnson's *Rambler*, a periodical imitative of *The Spectator*, he called attention to the fact that few people, even of highly cultivated minds, are acquainted with the characters who stalk through the pages of Johnson's paper; but he affirmed that everybody knows Sir Roger, his chaplain and his butler, Will Wimble and Will Honeycomb. Each paper of *The Spectator* was an essay, but it was not an essay like Bacon's; it was informal, naïve, and even narrative. It dealt with human life, and human beings walked to and fro in its pages. The reader came to know the characters mentioned above, and many others, as he met them from day to day; and he perceived in the daily anecdote or incident the element of sustained interest. That is why the *De Coverley Papers* are often spoken of as the forerunner of the modern novel. The number of real, living characters who appeared in the paper gave it that human quality which constituted so large a part of its appeal.

These characters, furthermore, were made the more human by being drawn against a background of everyday English life. In the literature of a preceding age, all romance was pictured against a background of the past—Greece and Rome and the later times of chivalry; but here was romance of city streets and country lanes, pictured to an age that professed to

The SPECTATOR.

Non fumum ex fulgore, ſed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut ſpecioſa dehinc miracula promat. Hor.

To be Continued every Day.

Thurſday, March 1. 1711.

I Have obſerved, that a Reader ſeldom peruſes a Book with Pleaſure 'till he knows whether the Writer of it be a black or a fair Man, of a mild or cholerick Diſpoſition, Married or a Batchelor, with other Particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right Underſtanding of an Author. To gratify this Curioſity, which is ſo natural to a Reader, I deſign this Paper, and my next, as Prefatory Diſcourſes to my following Writings, and ſhall give ſome Account in them of the ſeveral Perſons that are engaged in this Work. As the chief Trouble of Compiling, Digeſting and Correcting will fall to my Share, I muſt do my ſelf the Juſtice to open the Work with my own Hiſtory.

I was born to a ſmall Hereditary Eſtate, which I find, by the Writings of the Family, was bounded by the ſame Hedges and Ditches in *William* the Conqueror's Time that it is at preſent, and has been delivered down from Father to Son whole and entire, without the Loſs or Acquiſition of a ſingle Field or Meadow, during the Space of ſix hundred Years. There goes a Story in the Family, that when my Mother was gone with Child of me about three Months, ſhe dreamt that ſhe was brought to Bed of a Judge: Whether this might proceed from a Law-Suit which was then depending in the Family, or my Father's being a Juſtice of the Peace, I cannot determine, for I am not ſo vain as to think it preſaged any Dignity that I ſhould arrive at in my future Life, though that was the Interpretation which the Neighbourhood put upon it. The Gravity of my Behaviour at my very firſt Appearance in the World, and all the Time that I ſucked, ſeemed to favour my Mother's Dream: For, as ſhe has often told me, I threw away my Rattle before I was two Months old, and would not make uſe of my Coral 'till they had taken away the Bells from it.

As for the reſt of my Infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I ſhall paſs it over in Silence. I find, that, during my Nonage, I had the Reputation of a very ſullen Youth, but was always a Favourite of my School-Maſter, who uſed to ſay, *that my Parts were ſolid and would bear well.* I had not been long at the Univerſity, before I diſtinguiſhed my ſelf by a moſt profound Silence: For during the Space of eight Years, excepting in the publick Exerciſes of the College, I ſcarce uttered the Quantity of an hundred Words, and indeed do not remember that I ever ſpoke three Sentences together in my whole Life. Whilſt I was in this Learned Body I applied my ſelf with ſo much Diligence to my Studies, that there are very few celebrated Books, either in the Learned or the Modern Tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the Death of my Father I was reſolved to travel into Foreign Countries, and therefore left the Univerſity, with the Character of an odd unaccountable Fellow, that had a great deal of Learning, if I would but ſhow it. An inſatiable Thirſt after Knowledge carried me into all the Countries of *Europe*, where there was any thing new or ſtrange to be ſeen, nay, to ſuch a Degree was my Curioſity raiſed, that having read the Controverſies of ſome great Men concerning the Antiquities of *Egypt*, I made a Voyage to *Grand Cairo*, on purpoſe to take the Meaſure of a Pyramid; and as ſoon as I had ſet my ſelf right in that Particular, returned to my Native Country with great Satisfaction.

I have paſſed my latter Years in this City, where I am frequently ſeen in moſt publick Places, tho' there are not above half a dozen of my ſelect Friends that know me, of whom my next Paper ſhall give a more particular Account. There is no Place of Publick Reſort, wherein I do not often make my Appearance, ſometimes I am ſeen thruſting my Head into a Round of Politicians at *Will's*, and liſtning with great Attention to the Narratives that are made in thoſe little Circular Audiences. Sometimes I ſmoak a Pipe at *Child's*, and whilſt I ſeem attentive to nothing but the *Poſt-Man*, overhear the Converſation of every Table in the Room. I appear on *Sunday* Nights at St. *James's* Coffee-Houſe, and ſometimes join the little Committee of Politicks in the Inner-Room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My Face is likewiſe very well known at the *Grecian*, the *Cocoa-Tree*, and in the Theaters both of *Drury-Lane*, and the *Hay-Market*. I have been taken for a Merchant upon

The student can, from this print, gain some idea of the appearance of the front page of the first issue of *The Spectator*.

despise all romance and to love common sense; and the most romantic figure of all was a typical English squire in whom was no romance whatever—unless there be romance in all of us. Sir Roger lived for his day and still lives for us because he was human and romantic, and the quality of this human appeal helped to sell many a copy of *The Spectator* as it was offered for a few pence a sheet in Fleet or Holborn.

XI. THE STYLE OF *THE SPECTATOR*

Taine tells us in his survey of Addison[1] that an author, in order to please, must have the art of making himself understood, "at once, always, completely, without difficulty to the reader, without reflection, without attention." For the man of the world, "reading is only a conversation, and a better one than usual," but the man of taste and intellect demands more than this. He wishes (to paraphrase Taine) exact words to express fine shades of thought, and measured words to preclude offensive or extreme impressions. He wishes for developed phrases, harmonies of words, smartness of form, liveliness of manner. Addison and Steele in *The Spectator* gave the man of the world and the man of literary taste what each desired. This is what Johnson meant when he spoke of Addison's style as "familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious." The casual reader could understand it: the student could delight in it.

[1] *History of English Literature*, Book III, Chapter IV.

"Reading *The Spectator* we fancy it still more amiable than it is: no pretensions; no efforts; endless contrivances employed unconsciously, and obtained without asking; the gift of being lively and agreeable; a refined banter, raillery without bitterness, a sustained gaiety; . . . science, politics, experience, morality, bringing their finest fruits, adorning them, offering them at a chosen moment, ready to withdraw them as soon as conversation has enjoyed them, and before it is tired of them."[1]

This is an admirable estimate of the style of *The Spectator* in the words of a trained critic. Let the student, however, see for himself of what rhetorical stuff the essays are made. Let him choose any one of them at random and attempt an analysis for himself. He will find each paragraph a simple unit, dealing with one topic, the sentences bound together by smooth and easy transitions; he will find an agreeable variety between long and short sentences; he will find admirable use of the topic or the summary sentence. The essay as a whole presents the same element of unity. Seldom does a paragraph fail to show in the first sentence its relationship to the paragraph immediately preceding. Note this skillful use of transitional words and phrases.

Note also the general building up of the theme of an essay. One paper may begin with an anecdote or incident, and proceed therefrom toward the development of a broad truth; another may begin with the

[1] *History of English Literature*, Taine, Book III, Chapter IV.

statement of a general truth and conclude with some particular illustration or application of it. As an instance of the method from particular to general, note Essay VIII; as an instance of the method from general to particular, note Essay III.

The observant student will, of course, note differences in grammatical usage between the English of the eighteenth and that of the twentieth century. Many idiomatic changes have occurred during two hundred years, especially in the treatment of the preposition; and a certain loose reference of pronouns and participles was permitted formerly which is not countenanced today. Steele's work, however, as compared with Addison's, is lacking in literary technique. It is hasty and impulsive and blundering, like the man: while Addison's style, like the man too, is finished, careful, and painstaking, yet never stiff and pedantic.

Let the student remember that when the essays of Addison and Steele were written they were ultra-modern both in spirit and in style. Prose had previously been stiff and conventional; and usually the ideas that were expressed in prose were equally formal. The *Spectator* papers were breezy, unconventional, informal, gay. They reflected the every-dayness of life. They were based on observation of the life of the moment. There is nothing published today in the form of fiction depicting life in America which breathes more definitely the *modern* spirit than did the *Spectator* breathe the spirit of its own time. For that reason, among others, we read the essays still with interest and profit.

XII. THE AUTHORS OF *THE SPECTATOR*

Addison and Steele

The collaboration of Addison and Steele is one of the most interesting in literature. Their respective gifts of both mind and temperament were such as admirably to supplement one another. Steele was boyish, brilliant, eager, active, impetuous; Addison was quiet almost to diffidence, dignified, polite, scholarly. The literary style of each man reflected his character. Steele's work was rapid, impulsive, spontaneous, and careless; Addison's was finished, easy, graceful, and artistic. Steele furnished the originality and drive for their common undertaking; Addison furnished to a greater degree the substance and depth. Steele had a more mellow humor; Addison had a keener wit. Steele was more a man of the heart, Addison of the head.

It was Steele who projected both *The Tatler* and *The Spectator*. When literary critics speak, as they commonly do, of "Addison's *Spectator*," it should be remembered that the idea of the paper was Steele's, and that of the 555 numbers issued in collaboration, Steele wrote 236, Addison 274, and other contributors 45. Such credit as posterity has taken from Steele and given to Addison may, in a way, be attributed to Steele's own generous and unselfish spirit. In the last number of the paper (No. 555) he wrote: "All papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O—that is to say, all the papers which I have distinguished

by any letter in the name of the muse Clio—were given me by the gentleman of whose assistance I boasted in the preface and concluding leaf of my *Tatlers*. I am, indeed, much more proud of his long-continued friendship than I should be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himself is capable of producing." (Steele's own contributions were signed with an R, an S, or a T; Budgell's with an X.)

More generously still, Steele wrote of the work which Addison contributed to *The Tatler:* "I fared like a distressed prince who calls in a powerful neighbor to his aid; I was undone by my own auxiliary; when I had once called him in I could not subsist without dependence on him."

The friendship of the two men is doubly interesting because of certain things common to the life of both. Both were born in 1672. Both went to the Charter House School in London, and it was here they met and became friends. Both went to Oxford University, though in different years and to different colleges—Addison at the age of fifteen to Queen's College, Steele at the age of eighteen to Christ Church. Exactly a decade intervened between the death of Addison and the death of Steele; Addison died in 1719 at the age of 47; Steele died in 1729 at the age of 57. A half-century later another great historical friendship was at its height—that of Edmund Burke and Charles James Fox—which in a way resembled the friendship of Steele and Addison. In both

cases the friendship was, in tragic fashion, broken late in life, and in both cases the quarrel was over politics.

Addison

Addison was born in Wiltshire, the son of the Rev. Lancelot Addison, a scholarly and cultivated man. The influence of his home training, supplemented by that of both school and college, inclined him toward a love of the classics and a purpose to enter the church. His literary gifts, however, were discerned by Lord Halifax, a powerful Whig noble, who persuaded Addison to cast in his fortunes with the Whig party. Brilliant pamphleteers were needed, and that he might become such Addison was sent abroad for several years to study foreign languages and foreign politics. The Whigs, however, lost control of the government in 1702, and the following year Addison returned home.

In 1704, the victory of Marlborough at Blenheim swept the Whigs back into power. This victory Addison celebrated in a piece of occasional verse, *The Campaign*, which achieved immediate popularity. The young poet was given a minor political post, and soon thereafter was made an Under Secretary of State. Thus began his political career, which was to continue him in public office, almost without interruption, until his death.

His political career, however, did not interfere with his literary activities. In 1706 he wrote the libretto of the opera *Rosamond*. In 1710 he contributed to Steele's *Tatler*, and in 1711–12 did his greatest work in his contributions to *The Spectator*. In 1713 his

great tragedy *Cato* was acted; and in the following year he undertook a new series of *The Spectator*, publishing the paper three times a week throughout the year. In 1716 he issued for six months a political paper, *The Freeholder*, whose avowed purpose was the support of the Hanoverian dynasty.

Addison entered Parliament in 1709, where he made a dismal failure as a speaker, but gained a reputation for good sense and clear perception in statecraft. His highest office was that of Secretary of State, which he reached in 1717, and which he held until his death.

Three years before his death, Addison married the Countess of Warwick. If Pope's acrid line is to be trusted, "Marrying discord in a noble wife," the union was not an altogether happy one. Indeed, his last years, marred by the quarrel with Steele and by Pope's vicious satirization of him, must have been gloomy. It is sad to think that a man so noble of purpose, so pure in private life, so honest and so unselfish in public service, should have had aught "to cloud the setting of his day."

Steele

That Steele was "a man of the world" may be witnessed by the fact that he was born in Ireland, lived most of his life in England, and spent his last years in Wales. After his graduation from the Charter House School he was in residence for three years at Oxford, leaving without a degree to join the Horse Guards, wherein he rose to the rank of Captain.[1] The irregularities of army life,

[1]See Thackeray's *Henry Esmond*, Chapter VI.

to which Steele succumbed too often for his own good, prompted him in 1701 to publish his first important work, a little volume entitled *The Christian Hero.* This he wrote as a piece of self-discipline, "to fix

RICHARD STEELE
(1672-1729)

upon his mind a strong impression of virtue and religion, in opposition to a stronger propensity toward unwarrantable pleasures." There followed from his pen within the next two years three comedies, which were produced at the Drury Lane Theatre with vary-

ing success: *The Funeral, The Lying Lover,* and *The Tender Husband.* Another, *The Conscious Lovers,* appeared nearly twenty years later. In 1709 he founded *The Tatler,* in 1711 *The Spectator,* in 1713 *The Guardian,* in the first two of these periodicals doing a unique service for English prose and the English essay.

Steele's first wife, whom he married in 1705, died in 1706. A year later he married Mary Scurlock, a Welsh girl of great beauty, to whom he was devoted until her death in 1718. She is the "Dear Prue" of his delightful letters, many of them chatty and newsy, and some of them brief notes dashed off from some coffeehouse to explain his absence from home.

In 1706 Steele's public career began, when he was made gentleman waiter to Prince George; and thereafter his life was one of vicissitudes. He was made Gazetteer, or editor of the official court newspaper, but lost this position three years later; he was elected to Parliament, but in 1714 was expelled from the House for so-called seditious language. The next year, however, he was knighted, for the House of Hanover had come in, and Steele was a staunch adherent of this dynasty; and in this same year he again took his seat in the House of Commons, and was also made manager of Drury Lane Theatre, a position of which he was deprived in 1720. He was often in and often out of public office; emoluments and rewards were showered upon him, and he inherited a substantial property from his first wife; but he was improvident

by nature and was nearly always in debt. He was, however, whether in debt or in liquor, always the loyal, lovable, chivalrous, good-humored Dick Steele, whom his friends always loved and whom his enemies readily forgave.

Budgell

Eustace Budgell, who wrote three of the essays in this volume, was a distant cousin of Addison's, by whom he was often befriended. He was a man of some ability, but it was nearly always misapplied, and Budgell was nearly always in trouble. In 1737 he committed suicide by drowning in the Thames.

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THE
SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY PAPERS

I. THE SPECTATOR'S INTRODUCTION OF HIMSELF

[*No. 1, March 1, 1711.*]

Non fumum ex fulgore, sed ex fumo dare lucem
Cogitat, ut speciosa dehinc miracula promat.
HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 143, 144.

I HAVE observed that a reader seldom peruses a book with pleasure 'till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or a fair man, of a mild or choleric disposition, married or a bachelor, with other particulars of the like nature, that conduce very much to the right understanding of an author. To gratify this curiosity, which is so natural to a reader, I design this paper and my next as prefatory discourses to my following writings, and shall give some account in them of the several persons that are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my share, I must do myself the justice to open the work with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which, according to the tradition of the village where it lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in William the Conqueror's time that it is at present, and has been

delivered down from father to son whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that before I was born my mother dreamt that she was to bring forth a judge; whether this might proceed from a lawsuit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I can not determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in my future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighborhood put upon it. The gravity of my behavior at my very first appearance in the world seemed to favor my mother's dream: for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral till they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass it over in silence. I find, that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favorite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, *that my parts were solid, and would wear well.* I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for, during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of an hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies,

that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university with the character of an odd unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was anything new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo, on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid: and, as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half a dozen of my select friends that know me: of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance; sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's, and while I seem attentive to nothing but the *Postman*, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffeehouse, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in

the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa Tree, and in the theatres both of Drury Lane and the Hay Market. I have been taken for a merchant upon the Exchange for above these ten years, and sometimes pass for a Jew in the assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's. In short, wherever I see a cluster of people, I always mix with them, though I never open my lips but in my own club.

Thus I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species; by which means I have made myself a speculative statesman, soldier, merchant, and artisan, without ever meddling with any practical part in life. I am very well versed in the theory of a husband or a father, and can discern the errors in the economy, business, and diversion of others, better than those who are engaged in them: as standers-by discover blots, which are apt to escape those who are in the game. I never espoused any party with violence, and am resolved to observe an exact neutrality between the Whigs and Tories, unless I shall be forced to declare myself by the hostilities of either side. In short, I have acted in all the parts of my life as a looker-on, which is the character I intend to preserve in this paper.

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character as to let him see I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers, as I shall see occasion.

In the mean time, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die. I have been often told by my friends, that it is pity so many useful discoveries which I have made should be in the possession of a silent man. For this reason, therefore, I shall publish a sheet full of thoughts every morning, for the benefit of my contemporaries; and if I can any way contribute to the diversion or improvement of the country in which I live, I shall leave it when I am summoned out of it, with the secret satisfaction of thinking that I have not lived in vain.

There are three very material points which I have not spoken to in this paper, and which, for several important reasons, I must keep to myself, at least for some time: I mean, an account of my name, my age, and my lodgings. I must confess I would gratify my reader in anything that is reasonable; but as for these three particulars, though I am sensible they might tend very much to the embellishment of my paper, I cannot yet come to a resolution of communicating them to the public. They would indeed draw me out of that obscurity which I have enjoyed for many years, and expose me in public places to several salutes and civilities, which have been always very disagreeable to me; for the greatest pain I can suffer is the being talked to, and being stared at. It is for this reason

likewise that I keep my complexion and dress as very great secrets; though it is not impossible but I may make discoveries of both in the progress of the work I have undertaken.

After having been thus particular upon myself, I shall in to-morrow's paper give an account of those gentlemen who are concerned with me in this work: for, as I have before intimated, a plan of it is laid and concerted (as all other matters of importance are) in a club. However, as my friends have engaged me to stand in the front, those who have a mind to correspond with me may direct their letters to *The Spectator*, at Mr. Buckley's in Little Britain. For I must further acquaint the reader, that though our club meets only on Tuesdays and Thursdays, we have appointed a committee to sit every night, for the inspection of all such papers as may contribute to the advancement of the public weal. C.

II. THE CLUB

[*No. 2, March 2, 1711.*]

Ast alii sex,
Et plures, uno conclamant ore.
JUVENAL, *Satire* vii, 167.

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffeehouse for calling him "youngster." But being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and

though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: when he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities; and, three months ago, gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the Game Act.

The gentleman next in esteem and authority among us is another bachelor, who is a member of the Inner Temple; a man of great probity, wit, and understanding; but he has chosen his place of residence rather to obey the direction of an old humorsome father, than in pursuit of his own inclinations. He was placed there to study the laws of the land, and is the most learned of any of the house in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are much better understood by him than Littleton or Coke. The father sends up every post questions relating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures,

in the neighborhood; all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of our own courts. No one ever took him for a fool, but none, except his intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit. This turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste of books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell Court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins; he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city of London, a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experience. His notions of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich man has

usually some sly way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea the British Common. He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and will tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry. He will often argue that if this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should gain from one nation; and if another, from another. I have heard him prove that diligence makes more lasting acquisitions than valor, and that sloth has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favorite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A general trader of good sense is pleasanter company than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in another man. He has made his fortunes himself, and says that England may be richer than other kingdoms by as plain methods as he himself is richer than other men; though at the same time I can say this of him, that there is not a point in the compass but blows home a ship in which he is an owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-room sits Captain Sentry, a gentleman of great courage, good understanding, but invincible modesty. He is one of those that deserve very well, but are very awkward at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in

several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he has talked to this purpose I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty and an even regular behavior are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavor at the same end with himself,—the favor of a commander. He will, however, in this way of talk excuse generals for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it: "for," says he, "that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him"; therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candor does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of

which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humorists unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have among us the gallant Will Honeycomb, a gentleman who according to his years should be in the decline of his life, but having ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces in his brain. His person is well turned, and of good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenches our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods; whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to show her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year; in a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court such a woman was then smitten, another was taken

with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Such-a-one. If you speak of a young commoner that said a lively thing in the House, he starts up: "He has good blood in his veins; Tom Mirabel begot him; the rogue cheated me in that affair; that young fellow's mother used me more like a dog than any woman I ever made advances to." This way of talking of his very much enlivens the conversation among us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him as of that sort of man who is usually called a well-bred fine gentleman. To conclude his character, where women are not concerned, he is an honest worthy man.

I cannot tell whether I am to account him whom I am next to speak of as one of our company, for he visits us but seldom; but when he does, it adds to every man else a new enjoyment of himself. He is a clergyman, a very philosophic man, of general learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber-counsellor is among lawyers. The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances

others. He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are so far gone in years, that he observes, when he is among us, an earnestness to have him fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interests in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hopes from his decays and infirmities. These are my ordinary companions. R.

III. SIR ROGER ON MANNERS AND MORALS

[*No. 6, March 7, 1711.*]

Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piandum,
Si juvenis vetulo non assurrexerat.
JUVENAL, *Satire* xiii, 54, 55.

I KNOW no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind; and there is hardly that person to be found who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night that he was of opinion that none but men of fine parts deserve to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner that they are no more shocked at vice and folly than men of slower capacities. There is no greater monster in being than a very ill man of great parts. He lives like a man in a palsy, with one side of him dead. While

perhaps he enjoys the satisfaction of luxury, of wealth, of ambition, he has lost the taste of good-will, of friendship, of innocence. Scarecrow, the beggar in Lincoln's-inn-fields, who disabled himself in his right leg, and asks alms all day to get himself a warm supper and a trull at night, is not half so despicable a wretch, as such a man of sense. The beggar has no relish above sensations; he finds rest more agreeable than motion; and while he has a warm fire and his doxy, never reflects that he deserves to be whipped. "Every man who terminates his satisfaction and enjoyments within the supply of his own necessities and passions is," says Sir Roger, "in my eye, as poor a rogue as Scarecrow. But," continued he, "for the loss of public and private virtue, we are beholden to your men of parts forsooth; it is with them no matter what is done, so it is done with an air. But to me, who am so whimsical in a corrupt age as to act according to nature and reason, a selfish man, in the most shining circumstance and equipage, appears in the same condition with the fellow above-mentioned, but more contemptible in proportion to what more he robs the public of, and enjoys above him. I lay it down therefore for a rule, that the whole man is to move together; that every action of any importance is to have a prospect of public good; and that the general tendency of our indifferent actions ought to be agreeable to the dictates of reason, of religion, of good-breeding; without this, a man, as I have before hinted, is hopping instead of walking, he is not in his entire and proper motion."

While the honest Knight was thus bewildering himself in good starts, I looked attentively upon him, which made him, I thought, collect his mind a little. "What I aim at," says he, "is to represent that I am of opinion, to polish our understandings, and neglect our manners, is of all things the most inexcusable. Reason should govern passion, but instead of that, you see, it is often subservient to it; and, as unaccountable as one would think it, a wise man is not always a good man." This degeneracy is not only the guilt of particular persons, but also, at some times, of a whole people; and perhaps it may appear upon examination, that the most polite ages are the least virtuous. This may be attributed to the folly of admitting wit and learning as merit in themselves, without considering the application of them. By this means it becomes a rule, not so much to regard what we do, as how we do it. But this false beauty will not pass upon men of honest minds and true taste. Sir Richard Blackmore says, with as much good sense as virtue, "It is a mighty dishonor and shame to employ excellent faculties and abundance of wit, to humor and please men in their vices and follies. The great enemy of mankind, notwithstanding his wit and angelic faculties, is the most odious being in the whole creation." He goes on soon after to say, very generously, that he undertook the writing of his poem "to rescue the Muses out of the hands of ravishers, to restore them to their sweet and chaste mansions, and to engage them in an employment suitable to their dignity." This certainly ought

to be the purpose of every man who appears in public, and whoever does not proceed upon that foundation injures his country as fast as he succeeds in his studies. When modesty ceases to be the chief ornament of one sex, and integrity of the other, society is upon a wrong basis, and we shall be ever after without rules to guide our judgment in what is really becoming and ornamental. Nature and reason direct one thing, passion and humor another. To follow the dictates of the two latter is going into a road that is both endless and intricate; when we pursue the other, our passage is delightful, and what we aim at easily attainable.

I do not doubt but England is at present as polite a nation as any in the world; but any man who thinks can easily see, that the affectation of being gay and in fashion has very near eaten up our good sense and our religion. Is there anything so just as that mode and gallantry should be built upon exerting ourselves in what is proper and agreeable to the institutions of justice and piety among us? And yet is there anything more common than that we run in perfect contradiction to them? All of which is supported by no other pretension than that it is done with what we call a good grace.

Nothing ought to be held laudable or becoming, but what nature itself should prompt us to think so. Respect to all kinds of superiors is founded methinks upon instinct; and yet what is so ridiculous as age? I make this abrupt transition to the mention of this vice, more than any other, in order to introduce a little

story, which I think a pretty instance that the most polite age is in danger of being the most vicious.

"It happened at Athens, during a public representation of some play exhibited in honor of the commonwealth, that an old gentleman came too late for a place suitable to his age and quality. Many of the young gentlemen, who observed the difficulty and confusion he was in, made signs to him that they would accommodate him if he came where they sat. The good man bustled through the crowd accordingly; but when he came to the seats to which he was invited, the jest was to sit close and expose him, as he stood, out of countenance, to the whole audience. The frolic went round all the Athenian benches. But on those occasions there were also particular places assigned for foreigners. When the good man skulked towards the boxes appointed for the Lacedæmonians, that honest people, more virtuous than polite, rose up all to a man, and with the greatest respect received him among them. The Athenians being suddenly touched with a sense of the Spartan virtue and their own degeneracy, gave a thunder of applause; and the old man cried out, 'The Athenians understand what is good, but the Lacedæmonians practise it.'" R.

IV. A DISCUSSION AT THE CLUB

[*No. 34, April 9, 1711.*]

Parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera.
JUVENAL, *Satire* XV, 159.

THE club of which I am a member is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind: by this means I am furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know everything that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers, too, have the satisfaction to find that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. Will Honeycomb told me, in the softest manner he could, that there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says Will, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had

taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir Andrew Freeport took him up short, and told him that the papers he hinted at had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them: and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues. "In short," says Sir Andrew, "if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use."

Upon this my friend the Templar told Sir Andrew that he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King Charles's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then showed, by the examples of Horace, Juvenal, Boileau, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. "But after all," says he, "I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of

court; and I do not believe you can show me any precedent for your behavior in that particular."

My good friend Sir Roger de Coverley, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us that he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. "Let our good friend," says he, "attack every one that deserves it; I would only advise you, Mr. Spectator," applying himself to me, "to take care how you meddle with country squires; they are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads and sound bodies! and let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention foxhunters with so little respect."

Captain Sentry spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his gray hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the clergyman, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us that he wondered any order of persons should think themselves too considerable to be advised: that it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from

reproof: that vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterwards proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with cheerfulness, and assured me that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honor to the persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid and ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. Will Honeycomb immediately agreed that what he had said was right; and that for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir Andrew gave up the city with the same frankness. The Templar would not stand out: and was followed by Sir Roger and the Captain: who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased; provided I continued to

combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription: and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found, I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely: if the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with anything in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavors to make an example of it. I must, however, intreat every particular person who does me the honor to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind. C.

V. THE LIBRARY OF A LADY OF FASHION

[*No. 37, April 12, 1711.*]

Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fœmineas assueta manus.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vii, 805, 806.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me, directed to a certain lady, whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and, as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me. The very sound of a Lady's Library gave me a great curiosity to see it; and, as it was some time before the lady came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the folios (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of china placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The quartos were separated from the octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colors, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the

library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that ever I saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarins, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in China ware. In the midst of the room was a little Japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the number, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogilby's Virgil.
Dryden's Juvenal.
Cassandra.
Cleopatra.
Astræa.
Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke of Human Understanding; with a paper of patches in it.

A spelling-book.

A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father Malbranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.

A book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Culpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies' Calling.

Tales in Verse by Mr. Durfey: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the Classic Authors, in wood.

A set of Elzevirs, by the same hand.

Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The new Atalantis, with a Key to it.

Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.

A Prayer-book; with a bottle of Hungary water by the side of it.

Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country-Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these, and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and, upon my presenting her with the letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health. I answered *yes;* for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir Roger. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favorite pleasures and pursuits, Leonora has turned all the passions of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men (as she has often said herself), but it is only in their writings; and she admits of very few male visitants, except my friend Sir Roger, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir Roger has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a

kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottoes, covered with wood-bines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake, that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of The Purling Stream. The Knight likewise tells me that this lady preserves her game better than any of the gentlemen in the country. "Not (says Sir Roger) that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says that every bird which is killed in her ground will spoil a consort, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year."

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion! What improvements would a woman have made who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those

which are of little more use than to divert the imagination!

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usefully in reading shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it. C.

VI. COVERLEY HALL

[*No. 106, July 2, 1711.*]

Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
HORACE, *Odes*, I. xvii, 14-17.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance: as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for, as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his

groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure, the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with the mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and goodnature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with: on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house in the nature of a chaplain above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my papers that my friend Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of an humorist; and that his virtues as well as imperfections are, as it were, tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colors. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned, and without staying for my answer told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table, for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. "My friend," says Sir Roger, "found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments

required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it: I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and, though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked anything of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a lawsuit in the parish since he has lived among them: if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

As Sir Roger was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon. He then showed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop Tillotson, Bishop Saunderson, Dr. Barrow, Dr.

Calamy, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and, instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavor after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people. L.

VII. SIR ROGER AND HIS SERVANTS

[*No. 107, July 3, 1711.*]

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocârunt æterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cuncti viam.

PHÆDRUS, *Ep.* i. 2.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom, and quiet, which I meet with here in the country, has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom seen but at Sir Roger's; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing: on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of the man of the house, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate with such economy as ever to be much beforehand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together, and a certain cheerfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called

before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir Roger's love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependents lives rather like a prince than a master in his family; his orders are received as favors, rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants: he has ever been of opinion that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the ladies' bounties of this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good an husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life,—I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honor and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country; and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family, was that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood I look upon as only what is due to a good servant, which encouragement will make his successor

be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes; and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family, and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to prentice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir Roger; and looking at the butler, who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant

of Sir Roger's, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir Roger took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favor ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir Roger said there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning anything further. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir Roger's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master. R.

VIII. WILL WIMBLE

[*No. 108, July 4, 1711.*]

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.
PHÆDRUS, lib. II. fab. v. 3.

As I was yesterday morning walking with Sir Roger before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. William Wimble had caught that very morning; and that he presented it, with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

"SIR ROGER,—I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely.

"I am, sir, your humble servant,

"WILL WIMBLE."

This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character

and quality of the gentleman who sent them, which I found to be as follows. Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man: he makes a may-fly to a miracle, and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. Will is a particular favorite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has made himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them by inquiring as often as he meets them how they wear. These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humors make Will the darling of the country.

Sir Roger was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three

hazel-twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir Roger's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir Roger received him, and, on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old Knight. After the first salutes were over, Will desired Sir Roger to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttlecocks he had with him in a little box to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir Roger's back was no sooner turned but honest Will began to tell me of a large cock-pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighboring woods, with two or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack he had caught served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild fowl that came afterwards furnished conversa-

tion for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of Will's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us, and could not but consider, with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life. What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humor fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation, like ours, that the younger sons, though uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly, we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but Will was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic;

and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation. L.

IX. THE COVERLEY ANCESTRY

[*No. 109, July 5, 1711.*]

Abnormis sapiens.
HORACE, *Satires*, II. ii. 3.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir Roger entered at the end opposite to me, and, advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the De Coverleys, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures; and, as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the pictures, and, as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination without regular introduction or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress, and how the persons of one age differ from those of another merely by that only. One may observe, also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in Harry the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot

taller, and a foot and an half broader: besides that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt Yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot: he shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and, bearing himself, look you, sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rid the tournament over, with an air that showed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists than expose his enemy: however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and, with a gentle trot, he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals) and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I don't know but it might be exactly where the coffeehouse is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentlemen at court: you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt Yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of

honor, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands, the next picture. You see, sir, my great-great-great-grandmother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist: my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country wife, she brought ten children, and, when I show you the library, you shall see, in her own hand (allowing for the difference of the language), the best receipt now in England both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, because 'tis necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighboring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp and so much money was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there: observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and, above all, the posture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his own choosing); you see he sits with

one hand on a desk writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world: he was a man of no justice, but great good manners; he ruined everybody that had anything to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life: the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation; but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid of honor I showed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing, indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner: "This man" (pointing to him I looked at) "I take to be the honor of our house, Sir Humphrey de Coverley; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous

as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth: all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself in the service of his friends and neighbors."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the Civil Wars; "For," said he, "he was sent out of the field upon a private message the day before the battle of Worcester."

The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity. R.

X. GHOSTS AT COVERLEY HALL

[*No. 110, July 6, 1711.*]

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, ii. 755.

AT a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms, which are shot up so very high that, when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sunset, for that one of the footmen had been almost frighted out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a

ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbors of several solitary birds, which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens, which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens the awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon everything in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks to show how, by the prejudice of education, one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance: "The ideas of goblins and sprites have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet, but let a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives, but darkness shall ever afterwards bring

with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to startle might easily have construed into a black horse without an head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir Roger has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate, he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or daughter had died. The Knight, seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open and exorcised by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did I not find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination of ghosts and spectres much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians, sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of spirits fabulous and groundless: could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favored this opinion. Lucretius himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of apparitions, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact, which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body, like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are

separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of Josephus, not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. "Glaphyra, the daughter of king Archelaus, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage), had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: 'Glaphyra,' says he, 'thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever.' Glaphyra told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those

kings. Besides that, the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the immortality of the soul, and of Divine Providence. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavor to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue." L.

XI. SUNDAY AT THE PARISH CHURCH

[*No. 112, July 9, 1711.*]

'Αθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεούς, νόμῳ ὡς διακεῖται,
Τιμᾶ.

PYTHAGORAS.

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the churchyard as a citizen does upon the 'Change, the whole parish politics being generally discussed in that place, either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts

of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit cloth, and railed in the communion table at his own expense. He has often told me that, at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the Psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and, if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing Psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews it seems is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behavior; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character makes his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church,—which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me that upon a catechising day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage

the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the squire, and the squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

L.

XII. SIR ROGER'S LOVE AFFAIR

[*No. 113, July 10, 1711.*]

Hærent infixi pectore vultus.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, iv. 4.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time it may be remembered that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth: which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: as soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse Widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighborhood, for the sake of my fame, and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behavior to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held.

But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.' This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favor; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of

those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship: she is always accompanied by a confidante, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense than is usual even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If

you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honor, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidante sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.'

They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature— But, after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said? After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking to her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be

unconcerned at such perfection. Oh, the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the Widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse: though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that passage of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humor my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Nævia Rufo,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
Nævia; si non sit Nævia, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternâ patri cûm luce salutem,
Nævia lux, inquit, Nævia lumen ave.

Let Rufus weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of Nævia talk:
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of Nævia, or be mute:
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
"I am, my lovely Nævia, ever thine."

R.

XIII. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE

[*No. 114, July 11, 1711.*]

Paupertatis pudor et fuga.
HORACE, *Epistles,* I. xviii. 24.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our conversations. There is a pretending behavior in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir Roger's a set of country gentlemen who dined with him: and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of everything that was said; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humor grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind than any dislike he had taken at the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this country, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this

canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house you see great plenty, but served in a manner that shows it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of everything, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and cheerfulness which attends the table of him who lives within compass is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonor. Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behavior would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year, which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is im-

possible to convince him that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if Laertes did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then Irus, a fellow of yesterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, Laertes goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelve month charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and Irus are neighbors, whose ways of living are an abomination to each other. Irus is moved by the fear of poverty, and Laertes by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes Laertes launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expense, and lavish entertainments; fear of poverty makes Irus allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his laborers, and be himself a laborer. Shame of poverty makes Laertes go every day a step nearer to it, and fear of poverty stirs up Irus to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression have their seed in the dread of want:

and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it; but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant than the neglect of necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is that they are both out of nature when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. Cowley with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By this means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life which bears the face of poverty with Mr. Cowley's *great Vulgar* is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if according to that ancestor of Sir Roger whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by this means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should

get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armor against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration, and unworthy our esteem.

It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbor, surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley,

> "If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat,
> With any wish so mean as to be great,
> Continue, Heaven, still from me to remove
> The humble blessings of that life I love!"

T.

XIV. PHYSICAL EXERCISE

[*No. 115, July 12, 1711.*]

Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.
JUVENAL, *Satire*, x. 356.

BODILY labor is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labor for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labor as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labor, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labor is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices

contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers, of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labor or exercise ferments the humors, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions without which the body cannot subsist in its vigor, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapors to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and

honor, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be labored before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty: and as for those who are not obliged to labor, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labor which goes by the name of exercise.

My friend Sir Roger has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labors. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chase, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and show that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the Knight has made great havoc in the woods, and destroyed

many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable doors are patched with noses that belong to foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir Roger showed me one of them that for distinction's sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours' riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse Widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir Roger has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the Widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the Widow abated and old age came on, he left off foxhunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recommend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor Sydenham is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since under the title of *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumbbell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the

more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition; it is there called the *σκιομαχία*, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude: As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and I think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labor and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation. L.

XV. HUNTING AT COVERLEY HALL

[*No. 116, July 13, 1711.*]

Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes.

VIRGIL, *Georgics*, iii. 43.

THOSE who have searched into human nature observe that nothing so much shows the nobleness of the soul as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the Bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers that Sir Roger, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season;

and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant thanks and good wishes of the neighborhood always attended him on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year than it was thought the whole country could have produced. Indeed, the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts: his tenants are still full of the praises of a gray stone horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir Roger, being at present too old for foxhunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles and got a pack of stop-hounds. What these want in speed he endeavors to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the Knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master that the dog he had sent was indeed

a most excellent bass, but that at present he only wanted a counter-tenor. Could I believe my friend had ever read Shakespeare I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from Theseus in the Midsummer Night's Dream:—

> "My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
> So flew'd, so sanded; and their heads are hung
> With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
> Crook-knee'd and dew-lapp'd like Thessalian bulls;
> Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like bells,
> Each under each: a cry more tuneable
> Was never holla'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."

Sir Roger is so keen at this sport that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighborhood towards my friend. The farmers' sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers and uncles.

After we had rid about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out of a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavored to make the company sensible of

by extending my arm; but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me if puss was gone that way. Upon my answering "Yes," he immediately called in the dogs and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion that 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying "Stole away!"

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the picture of the whole chase, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find that instead of running straight forwards, or in hunter's language, "Flying the country," as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired amongst them: if they were at fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one

who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheering his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me that he was sure the chase was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry "In view." I must confess the brightness of the weather, the cheerfulness of everything around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighboring hills, with the holloaing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman, getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before,

durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon delivered up to one of his servants with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard: where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur Pascal, in his most excellent discourse on the Misery of Man, tells us that all our endeavors after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He afterwards goes on to show that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise. I mean the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her

orders. Had that incomparable person whom I last quoted been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas, through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time is but one continued account of the behavior of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden:—

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and sloth sustains the trade.
By chase our long-lived fathers earned their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made His work for man to mend."

X.

XVI. THE COUNTRY WITCH

[*No. 117, July 14, 1711.*]

Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.
VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, viii. 108.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary to a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce are people of a weak understanding and a crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavor to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts

than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions: or rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:—

> "In a close lane as I pursued my journey,
> I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
> Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
> Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
> Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
> And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapp'd
> The tatter'd remnants of an old striped hanging,
> Which served to keep her carcase from the cold:
> So there was nothing of a piece about her.
> Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
> With diff'rent color'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
> And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness."

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me that this very old woman had the reputation of a witch all over the country, that her lips were observed

to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbors did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straws that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried *Amen* in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she would offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of Moll White, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her. If the dairy maid does not make her butter come so soon as she should have it, Moll White is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, Moll White has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses Moll White. "Nay," says Sir Roger, "I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if Moll White had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far that I begged my friend Sir Roger to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood. Upon our first entering, Sir Roger winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broomstaff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old

Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as Moll White herself; for besides that Moll is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir Roger, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a justice of peace to avoid all communication with the devil, and never to hurt any of her neighbors' cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home, Sir Roger told me that old Moll had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the night-mare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry that Sir Roger was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a Moll White in it. When an old woman begins to dote, and grow chargeable to a parish, she

is generally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerce and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepit parts of our species, in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage. L.

XVII. SIR ROGER ON CONFIDANTES

[*No. 118, July 16, 1711.*]

Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.
VIRGIL, *Æneid,* iv. 73.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks which are struck out of a wood in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite that the mind is lost in a certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and is yet not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of waters, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the Widow. "This woman," says he, "is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own merit, she permits their addresses without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect against which

it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so? Because her superior merit is such that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem: I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her. How often have I wished her unhappy that I might have an opportunity of serving her; and how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged! Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me if it had not been for that watchful animal her confidante.

"Of all persons under the sun," continued he, calling me by my name, "be sure to set a mark upon confidantes; they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them is that they assume to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. Orestilla is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. Themista, her favorite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidante shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the

suspicious behavior of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidante. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that—''

Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, ''What, not one smile?'' We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The Knight whispered me, ''Hist, these are lovers.'' The huntsman looked earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream; ''O thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied forever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with: but alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also

vanish—yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than does her William: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I'll jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again.—Still do you hear me without one smile—it is too much to bear." He had no sooner spoke these words but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water; at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you won't drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Don't, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake."

"Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidantes! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dares not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father; I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighborhood, who was a beauty; and makes

me hope I shall see the perverse Widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself; however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir Roger and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her; whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart owing, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain. For I frequently find that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh;

however, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country, I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants; but has a glass hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands everything. I'd give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir Andrew Freeport about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool.'' T.

XVIII. MANNERS IN CITY AND COUNTRY

[*No. 119, July 17, 1711.*]

Urbem quam dicunt Roman, Melbœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem.
VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, i. 20, 21.

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country are upon the different manners of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By manners I do not mean morals, but behavior and good-breeding as they show themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe a very great revolution that has happened in this article of good-breeding. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation was so encumbered with show and ceremony that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench

its superfluities, and restore it to its natural good sense and beauty. At present therefore an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behavior, are the height of good-breeding. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, good-breeding shows itself most where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country we find in them the manners of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world by his excess of good-breeding. A polite country squire shall make you as many bows in half an hour as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of justices' wives than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally take the chair that is next me, and walk first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he

might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities. Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner till I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile till I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me, with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of good-breeding, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man, to express everything that had the most remote appearance of being obscene in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain, homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of good manners was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) conversation is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use

of the most coarse uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of good-breeding, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of conversation to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their good-breeding will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good-breeding which I have hitherto insisted upon regard behavior and conversation, there is a third, which turns upon dress. In this, too, the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post. L.

XIX. THE COVERLEY POULTRY

[*No. 120, July 18, 1711.*]

Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium.

VIRGIL, *Georgics*, i. 451.

My friend Sir Roger is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near an hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house; calls such a particular cock my favorite, and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the natural history of animals being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are lust and hunger. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them, as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be imitation; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be reason; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce

such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted and favors bestowed are greater motives to love and tenderness than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear skeptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shows itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent but in what immediately regards his own preservation or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation.

With what caution does the hen provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigor of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take

notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chemical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence than is seen in the hatching of a chick; though there are many other birds that show an infinitely greater sagacity in all the fore-mentioned particulars.

But at the same time the hen, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species), considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner; she is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays; she does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of never so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, anything more mysterious in nature than this instinct in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon

the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but according to the best notions of the greatest philosophers in an immediate impression from the first Mover, and the Divine energy acting in the creatures. L.

XX. SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES

[*No. 122, July 20, 1711.*]

Comes jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.
PUBLIUS SYRUS, *Fragments.*

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind than to see those approbations which it gives itself seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct when the verdict which he passes upon his own behavior is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives within his neighborhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old Knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side is a yeoman of about an hundred pounds a year, an honest man. He is just within the Game Act, and qualified to kill an hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbor if he did not destroy so many partridges; in short, he is a very sensible man. shoots flying, and has been several times foreman of the petty jury.

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking the law of everybody. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the Widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments; he plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year, but he has cast and been cast so often that he is not now worth thirty. I suppose he is going upon the old business of the willow tree."

As Sir Roger was giving me this account of Tom Touchy, Will Wimble and his two companions stopped short till we came up to them. After having paid their respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that Mr. Touchy and he must appeal to him upon a dispute that arose between them. Will, it seems, had been

giving his fellow traveller an account of his angling one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, instead of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. Such-an-one, if he pleased, might take the law of him for fishing in that part of the river. My friend Sir Roger heard them both, upon a round trot; and, after having paused some time, told them, with the air of a man who would not give his judgment rashly, that much might be said on both sides. They were neither of them dissatisfied with the Knight's determination, because neither of them found himself in the wrong by it. Upon which we made the best of our way to the assizes.

The court was sat before Sir Roger came; but notwithstanding all the justices had taken their places upon the bench, they made room for the old Knight at the head of them; who, for his reputation in the country, took occasion to whisper in the judge's ear that he was glad his lordship had met with so much good weather in his circuit. I was listening to the proceeding of the court with much attention, and infinitely pleased with that great appearance and solemnity which so properly accompanies such a public administration of our laws; when, after about an hour's sitting, I observed, to my great surprise, in the midst of a trial, that my friend Sir Roger was getting up to speak. I was in some pain for him, till I found he had acquitted himself of two or three sentences, with a look of much business and great intrepidity.

Upon his first rising the court was hushed, and a general whisper ran among the country people that Sir Roger was up. The speech he made was so little to the purpose that I shall not trouble my readers with an account of it; and I believe was not so much designed by the Knight himself to inform the court, as to give him a figure in my eye, and keep up his credit in the country.

I was highly delighted, when the court rose, to see the gentlemen of the country gathering about my old friend, and striving who should compliment him most: at the same time, that the ordinary people gazed upon him at a distance, not a little admiring his courage, that was not afraid to speak to the judge.

In our return home we met with a very odd accident, which I cannot forbear relating, because it shows how desirous all who know Sir Roger are of giving him marks of their esteem. When we were arrived upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a little inn to rest ourselves and our horses. The man of the house had, it seems, been formerly a servant in the Knight's family; and, to do honor to his old master, had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, put him up in a sign-post before the door: so that the Knight's Head had hung out upon the road about a week before he himself knew anything of the matter. As soon as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding that his servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from affection and good-will, he only told him that he had made him too high a compliment: and when the fellow seemed to think that could hardly be, added, with a more

decisive look, that it was too great an honor for any man under a duke; but told him at the same time that it might be altered with a very few touches, and that he himself would be at the charge of it. Accordingly they got a painter, by the Knight's directions, to add a pair of whiskers to the face, and by a little aggravation of the features to change it into the Saracen's Head. I should not have known this story had not the inn-keeper, upon Sir Roger's alighting, told him in my hearing that his honor's head was brought back last night with the alterations that he had ordered to be made in it. Upon this, my friend, with his usual cheerfulness, related the particulars above mentioned, and ordered the head to be brought into the room. I could not forbear discovering greater expressions of mirth than ordinary upon the appearance of this monstrous face, under which, notwithstanding it was made to frown and stare in a most extraordinary manner, I could still discover a distant resemblance of my old friend. Sir Roger, upon seeing me laugh, desired me to tell him truly if I thought it possible for people to know him in that disguise. I at first kept my usual silence; but upon the Knight's conjuring me to tell him whether it was not still more like himself than a Saracen, I composed my countenance in the best manner I could, and replied that much might be said on both sides.

These several adventures, with the Knight's behavior in them, gave me as pleasant a day as ever I met with in any of my travels. L.

XXI. HOW TO BRING UP CHILDREN

[*No. 123, July 21, 1711.*]

Doctrina sed vim promovet insitam
Rectique cultus pectora roborant;
Utcunque defecere mores,
Dedecorant bene nata culpæ.

HORACE, *Odes*, iv. 4, 33.

As I was yesterday taking the air with my friend Sir Roger, we were met by a fresh-colored ruddy young man, who rid by us full speed, with a couple of servants behind him. Upon my inquiry who he was, Sir Roger told me that he was a young gentleman of a considerable estate, who had been educated by a tender mother, that lives not many miles from the place where we were. She is a very good lady, says my friend, but took so much care of her son's health that she has made him good for nothing. She quickly found that reading was bad for his eyes, and that writing made his head ache. He was let loose among the woods as soon as he was able to ride on horseback, or to carrying a gun upon his shoulder. To be brief, I found by my friend's account of him that he had got a great stock of health, but nothing else; and that if it were a man's business only to live, there would not be a more accomplished young fellow in the whole country.

The truth of it is, since my residing in these parts I have seen and heard innumerable instances of young heirs and elder brothers who either from their own reflecting upon the estates they are born to, and there-

fore thinking all other accomplishments unnecessary, or from hearing these notions frequently inculcated to them by the flattery of their servants and domestics, or from the same foolish thought prevailing in those who have the care of their education, are of no manner of use but to keep up their families, and transmit their lands and houses in a line to posterity.

This makes me often think on a story I have heard of two friends, which I shall give my reader at large under feigned names. The moral of it may, I hope, be useful, though there are some circumstances which make it rather appear like a novel than a true story.

Eudoxus and Leontine began the world with small estates. They were both of them men of good sense and great virtue. They prosecuted their studies together in their earlier years, and entered into such a friendship as lasted to the end of their lives. Eudoxus, at his first setting out in the world, threw himself into a court, where by his natural endowments and his acquired abilities he made his way from one post to another, till at length he had raised a very considerable fortune. Leontine, on the contrary, sought all opportunities of improving his mind by study, conversation, and travel. He was not only acquainted with all the sciences, but with the most eminent professors of them throughout Europe. He knew perfectly well the interests of its princes, with the customs and fashions of their courts, and could scarce meet with the name of an extraordinary person in the Gazette whom he had not either talked to or

seen. In short, he had so well mixed and digested his knowledge of men and books that he made one of the most accomplished persons of his age. During the whole course of his studies and travels he kept up a punctual correspondence with Eudoxus, who often made himself acceptable to the principal men about court by the intelligence which he received from Leontine. When they were both turned of forty (an age in which, according to Mr. Cowley, "there is no dallying with life") they determined, pursuant to the resolution they had taken in the beginning of their lives, to retire, and pass the remainder of their days in the country. In order to this, they both of them married much about the same time. Leontine, with his own and his wife's fortune, bought a farm of three hundred a year, which lay within the neighborhood of his friend Eudoxus, who had purchased an estate of as many thousands. They were both of them fathers about the same time, Eudoxus having a son born to him, and Leontine a daughter; but to the unspeakable grief of the latter, his young wife, in whom all his happiness was wrapt up, died in a few days after the birth of her daughter. His affliction would have been insupportable had not he been comforted by the daily visits and conversations of his friend. As they were one day talking together with their usual intimacy, Leontine considering how incapable he was of giving his daughter a proper education in his own house, and Eudoxus reflecting on the ordinary behavior of a son who knows himself to be

the heir of a great estate, they both agreed upon an exchange of children, namely, that the boy should be bred up with Leontine as his son, and that the girl should live with Eudoxus as his daughter, till they were each of them arrived at years of discretion. The wife of Eudoxus, knowing that her son could not be so advantageously brought up as under the care of Leontine, and considering at the same time that he would be perpetually under her own eye, was by degrees prevailed upon to fall in with the project. She therefore took Leonilla, for that was the name of the girl, and educated her as her own daughter. The two friends on each side had wrought themselves to such an habitual tenderness for the children who were under their direction, that each of them had the real passion of a father, where the title was but imaginary. Florio, the name of the young heir that lived with Leontine, though he had all the duty and affection imaginable for his supposed parent, was taught to rejoice at the sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very frequently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now old enough to know his supposed father's circumstances, and that therefore he was to make his way in the world by his own industry. This consideration grew stronger in him every day, and produced so good an effect that he applied himself with more than ordinary attention to the pursuit of everything which Leontine recommended to him. His

natural abilities, which were very good, assisted by the directions of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to make a quicker progress than ordinary through all the parts of his education. Before he was twenty years of age, having finished his studies and exercises with great applause, he was removed from the university to the inns of court, where there are very few that make themselves considerable proficients in the studies of the place who know they shall arrive at great estates without them. This was not Florio's case; he found that three hundred a year was but a poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so that he studied without intermission till he gained a very good insight into the constitution and laws of his country.

I should have told my reader that whilst Florio lived at the house of his foster-father he was always an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where he became acquainted with Leonilla from her infancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sentiments of honor and virtue became a very uneasy passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so great a fortune, and would rather have died than attempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who was a woman of the greatest beauty joined with the greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a secret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with so much prudence that she never gave him the least intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all those arts and improve-

ments that are proper to raise a man's private fortune, and give him a figure in his country, but secretly tormented with that passion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtuous and noble heart, when he received a sudden summons from Leontine to repair to him into the country the next day. For it seems Eudoxus was so filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he could no longer withhold making himself known to him. The morning after his arrival at the house of his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus had something of great importance to communicate to him; upon which the good man embraced him and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great house that stood in his neighborhood, but Eudoxus took him by the hand, after the first salutes were over, and conducted him into his closet. He there opened to him the whole secret of his parentage and education, concluding after this manner: "I have no other way left of acknowledging my gratitude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daughter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your father by the discovery I have made to you. Leonilla, too, shall be still my daughter; her filial piety, though misplaced, has been so exemplary that it deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it. You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of had you known yourself born to it. Continue only to deserve it in the same manner you did before you were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the next room. Her

heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and amidst a flood of tears kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and received in the dutiful and affectionate behavior of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.

L.

XXII. THE DANGERS OF PARTY RIVALRY

[*No. 125, July 24, 1711.*]

Ne, pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella:
Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 832, 833.

MY worthy friend Sir Roger, when we are talking of the malice of parties, very frequently tells us an accident that happened to him when he was a school-boy, which was at a time when the feuds ran high between the Roundheads and Cavaliers. This worthy Knight, being then but a stripling, had occasion to inquire which was the way to St. Anne's Lane, upon which the person whom he spoke to, instead of answering his question, called him a young Popish cur, and asked him who had made Anne a saint! The boy, being in some confusion, inquired of the next he met, which was the way to Anne's Lane; but was called a prick-eared cur for his pains, and instead of being shown the way, was told that she had been a saint before he was born, and would be one after he was hanged. "Upon this," says Sir Roger, "I did not think fit to repeat the former question, but going into every lane of the neighborhood, asked what they called the name of that lane." By which ingenious artifice he found out the place he inquired after, without giving offence to any party. Sir Roger generally closes this narrative with reflections on the mischief that parties do in the country; how they spoil good

THE LORD MAYOR'S PROCESSION
(After Hogarth's *Industry and Idleness*)

The scene is on the East side of St. Paul's Cathedral. The solemn person in the coach window is the state Sword-bearer. Thronging about the coach is a group of journeyman butchers. Observe the disarray of the city militia at the right.

neighborhood, and make honest gentlemen hate one another; besides that they manifestly tend to the prejudice of the land tax, and the destruction of the game.

There cannot a greater judgment befall a country than such a dreadful spirit of division as rends a government into two distinct people, and makes them greater strangers and more averse to one another than if they were actually two different nations. The effects of such a division are pernicious to the last degree, not only with regard to those advantages which they give the common enemy, but to those private evils which they produce in the heart of almost every particular person. This influence is very fatal both to men's morals and their understandings; it sinks the virtue of a nation, and not only so, but destroys even common sense.

A furious party spirit, when it rages in its full violence, exerts itself in civil war and bloodshed; and when it is under its greatest restraints naturally breaks out in falsehood, detraction, calumny, and a partial administration of justice. In a word, it fills a nation with spleen and rancor, and extinguishes all the seeds of good-nature, compassion, and humanity.

Plutarch says, very finely, "that a man should not allow himself to hate even his enemies, because," says he, "if you indulge this passion in some occasions, it will rise of itself in others; if you hate your enemies, you will contract such a vicious habit of mind as by degrees will break out upon those who are your friends, or those who are indifferent to you." I might here observe how admirably this precept of

morality (which derives the malignity of hatred from the passion itself, and not from its object) answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about an hundred years before this philosopher wrote; but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interests would never have betrayed them.

If this party spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece depreciated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken, however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent

in learned societies by their parts and acquisitions, they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties. Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire, and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides, and that is the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man, for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have been never proved, or have been often refuted, are the ordinary postulatums of these infamous scribblers, upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelphs and Ghibellines, and France by those who were for and against the league: but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that thus breaks a people into factions, and draws several well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many

honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions, out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honor and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? Thus are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, the love of their country. I cannot here forbear mentioning the famous Spanish proverb, "If there were neither fools nor knaves in the world, all people would be of one mind."

For my own part I could heartily wish that all honest men would enter into an association for the support of one another against the endeavors of those whom they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. Were there such an honest body of neutral forces, we should never see the worst of men in great figures of life because they are useful to a party; nor the best unregarded because they are above practising those methods which would be grateful to their faction. We should then single every criminal out of the herd, and hunt him down, however formidable and overgrown he might appear; on the contrary, we should shelter distressed innocence, and defend virtue, however beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or defamation. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as Whigs or Tories, but should make the man of merit our friend, and the villain our enemy. C.

XXIII. A REMEDY FOR THE EVILS OF PARTY RIVALRY

[*No. 126, July 25, 1711.*]

Tros Rutulusve fuat, nullo discrimine habebo.

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, x. 108.

IN my yesterday's paper I proposed that the honest men of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the confusion of their common enemies. As it is designed this neutral body should act with a regard to nothing but truth and equity, and divest themselves of the little heats and prepossessions that cleave to parties of all kinds, I have prepared for them the following form of an association, which may express their intentions in the most plain and simple manner:

We, whose names are hereunto subscribed, do solemnly declare that we do in our consciences believe two and two make four; and that we shall adjudge any man whatsoever to be our enemy who endeavors to persuade us to the contrary. We are likewise ready to maintain, with the hazard of all that is near and dear to us, that six is less than seven in all times and all places; and that ten will not be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare that it is our resolution as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose such persons that upon any day of the year shall call black white, or white black, with the utmost peril of our lives and fortunes.

Were there such a combination of honest men, who without any regard to places would endeavor to extirpate all such furious zealots as would sacrifice one half of their country to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites, that are for promoting their own advantage under color of the public good; with all the profligate immoral retainers to each side, that have nothing to recommend them but an implicit submission to their leaders, we should soon see that furious party spirit extinguished, which may in time expose us to the derision and contempt of all the nations about us.

A member of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by throwing down the worthless and depraved part of mankind from these conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all this without any regard to his private interest, would be no small benefactor to his country.

I remember to have read in Diodorus Siculus an account of a very active little animal, which I think he calls the ichneumon, that makes it the whole business of his life to break the eggs of the crocodile, which he is always in search after. This instinct is the more remarkable because the ichneumon never feeds upon the eggs he has broken, nor in any other way finds his account in them. Were it not for the incessant labors of this industrious animal, Egypt, says the historian, would be overrun with crocodiles: for the Egyptians are so far from destroying those pernicious creatures, that they worship them as gods.

If we look into the behavior of ordinary partisans, we shall find them far from resembling this disinterested animal; and rather acting after the example of the wild Tartars, who are ambitious of destroying a man of the most extraordinary parts and accomplishments, as thinking that upon his decease the same talents, whatever post they qualified him for, enter of course into his destroyer.

As in the whole train of my speculations I have endeavored, as much as I am able, to extinguish that pernicious spirit of passion and prejudice which rages with the same violence in all parties, I am still the more desirous of doing some good in this particular because I observe that the spirit of party reigns more in the country than in the town. It here contracts a kind of brutality and rustic fierceness to which men of a politer conversation are wholly strangers. It extends itself even to the return of the bow and the hat; and at the same time that the heads of parties preserve toward one another an outward show of good-breeding, and keep up a perpetual intercourse of civilities, their tools that are dispersed in these outlying parts will not so much as mingle together at a cock-match. This humor fills the country with several periodical meetings of Whig jockeys and Tory foxhunters, not to mention the innumerable curses, frowns, and whispers it produces at a quarter-sessions.

I do not know whether I have observed in any of my former papers, that my friends Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport are of different principles,

the first of them inclined to the landed and the other to the moneyed interest. This humor is so moderate in each of them that it proceeds no farther than to an agreeable raillery, which very often diverts the rest of the club. I find, however, that the Knight is a much stronger Tory in the country than in town, which, as he has told me in my ear, is absolutely necessary for the keeping up his interest. In all our journey from London to his house we did not so much as bait at a Whig inn; or if by chance the coachman stopped at a wrong place, one of Sir Roger's servants would ride up to his master full speed, and whisper to him that the master of the house was against such an one in the last election. This often betrayed us into hard beds and bad cheer; for we were not so inquisitive about the inn as the inn-keeper; and, provided our landlord's principles were sound, did not take any notice of the staleness of his provisions. This I found still the more inconvenient because the better the host was, the worse generally were his accommodations: the fellow knowing very well that those who were his friends would take up with coarse diet and an hard lodging. For these reasons, all the while I was upon the road I dreaded entering into an house of any one that Sir Roger had applauded for an honest man.

Since my stay at Sir Roger's in the country, I daily find more instances of this narrow party-humor. Being upon a bowling-green at a neighboring market-town the other day (for that is the place where the gentlemen of one side meet once a week), I observed a

stranger among them of a better presence and genteeler behavior than ordinary; but was much surprised that not withstanding he was a very fair better, nobody would take him up. But upon inquiry I found that he was one who had given a disagreeable vote in a former parliament, for which reason there was not a man upon that bowling-green who would have so much correspondence with him as to win his money of him.

Among other instances of this nature, I must not omit one which concerns myself. Will Wimble was the other day relating several strange stories that he had picked up, nobody knows where, of a certain great man; and upon my staring at him, as one that was surprised to hear such things in the country, which had never been so much as whispered in the town, Will stopped short in the thread of his discourse, and after dinner asked my friend Sir Roger in his ear if he was sure that I was not a fanatic.

It gives me a serious concern to see a spirit of dissension in the country; not only as it destroys virtue and common sense, and renders us in a manner barbarians towards one another, but as it perpetuates our animosities, widens our breaches, and transmits our present passions and prejudices to our posterity. For my own part, I am sometimes afraid that I discover the seeds of a civil war in these our divisions; and therefore cannot but bewail, as in their first principles, the miseries and calamities of our children. C.

XXIV. SIR ROGER AND THE GYPSIES

[*No. 130, July 30, 1711.*]

Semperque recentes
Convectare juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.
VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vii. 748.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gypsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop: but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it: if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey; our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it: they generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their hands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being promised the handsomest young fellow in the parish for her

pains. Your friend the butler has been fool enough to be seduced by them; and, though he is sure to lose a knife, a fork, or a spoon every time his fortune is told him, generally shuts himself up in the pantry with an old gypsy for above half an hour once in a twelve-month. Sweethearts are the things they live upon, which they bestow very plentifully upon all those that apply themselves to them. You see now and then some handsome young jades among them: the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger, observing that I listened with great attention to his account of a people who were so entirely new to me, told me that if I would they should tell us our fortunes. As I was very well pleased with the Knight's proposal, we rid up and communicated our hands to them. A Cassandra of the crew, after having examined my lines very diligently, told me that I loved a pretty maid in a corner; that I was a good woman's man; with some other particulars which I do not think proper to relate. My friend Sir Roger alighted from his horse, and exposing his palm to two or three that stood by him, they crumpled it into all shapes, and diligently scanned every wrinkle that could be made in it; when one of them, who was older and more sunburnt than the rest, told him that he had a widow in his line of life: upon which the Knight cried, "Go, go, you are an idle baggage"; and at the same time smiled upon me. The gypsy, finding he was not displeased in his heart told him, after a farther inquiry into his hand, that his true love was constant, and that

she should dream of him to-night: my old friend cried "Pish!" and bid her go on. The gypsy told him that he was a bachelor, but would not be so long; and that he was dearer to somebody than he thought. The Knight still repeated she was an idle baggage and bid her go on. "Ah, master," said the gypsy, "that roguish leer of yours makes a pretty woman's heart ache: you ha'n't that simper about the mouth for nothing ——." The uncouth gibberish with which all this was uttered, like the darkness of an oracle, made us the more attentive to it. To be short, the Knight left the money with her that he had crossed her hand with, and got up again on his horse.

As we were riding away, Sir Roger told me that he knew several sensible people who believed these gypsies now and then foretold very strange things; and for half an hour together appeared more jocund than ordinary. In the height of his good humor, meeting a common beggar upon the road who was no conjurer, as he went to relieve him he found his pocket was picked; that being a kind of palmistry at which this race of vermin are very dexterous.

I might here entertain my reader with historical remarks on this idle profligate people, who infest all the countries of Europe, and live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves. But instead of entering into observations of this nature, I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a story which is still fresh in Holland, and was printed in one of our monthly accounts about twenty

years ago. "As the *trekschuyt*, or hackney-boat, which carries passengers from Leyden to Amsterdam, was putting off, a boy running along the side of the canal desired to be taken in: which the master of the boat refused, because the lad had not quite money enough to pay the usual fare. An eminent merchant being pleased with the looks of the boy, and secretly touched with compassion towards him, paid the money for him, and ordered him to be taken on board. Upon talking with him afterwards, he found that he could speak readily in three or four languages, and learned upon farther examination that he had been stolen away when he was a child by a gypsy, and had rambled ever since with a gang of those strollers up and down several parts of Europe. It happened that the merchant, whose heart seems to have inclined towards the boy by a secret kind of instinct, had himself lost a child some years before. The parents, after a long search for him, gave him for drowned in one of the canals with which that country abounds; and the mother was so afflicted at the loss of a fine boy, who was her only son, that she died for grief of it. Upon laying together all particulars, and examining the several moles and marks by which the mother used to describe the child when he was first missing, the boy proved to be the son of the merchant, whose heart had so unaccountably melted at the sight of him. The lad was very well pleased to find a father who was so rich, and likely to leave him a good estate: the father on the other hand was not a little delighted to see a son

return to him, whom he had given for lost, with such a strength of constitution, sharpness of understanding, and skill in languages.'' Here the printed story leaves off; but if I may give credit to reports, our linguist having received such extraordinary rudiments towards a good education, was afterwards trained up in everything that becomes a gentleman; wearing off by little and little all the vicious habits and practices that he had been used to in the course of his peregrinations. Nay, it is said that he has since been employed in foreign courts upon national business, with great reputation to himself and honor to those who sent him, and that he has visited several countries as a public minister, in which he formerly wandered as a gypsy. C.

XXV. REASONS FOR LEAVING COVERLEY HALL

[*No. 131, July 31, 1711.*]

Ipsæ rursum concedite silvæ.
VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, x. 63.

IT is usual for a man who loves country sports to preserve the game in his own grounds, and divert himself upon those that belong to his neighbor. My friend Sir Roger generally goes two or three miles from his house, and gets into the frontiers of his estate, before he beats about in search of a hare or partridge, on purpose to spare his own fields, where he is always sure of finding diversion when the worst comes to the worst. By this means the breed about his house has time to increase and multiply; besides that the sport is more agreeable where the game is the harder to come at, and where it does not lie so thick as to produce any perplexity or confusion in the pursuit. For these reasons the country gentleman, like the fox, seldom preys near his own home.

In the same manner I have made a month's excursion out of the town, which is the great field of game for sportsmen of my species, to try my fortune in the country, where I have started several subjects, and hunted them down, with some pleasure to myself, and I hope to others. I am here forced to use a great deal of diligence before I can spring anything to my mind; whereas in town, whilst I am following one character, it is ten to one but I am crossed in my way by another,

and put up such a variety of odd creatures in both sexes, that they foil the scent of one another, and puzzle the chase. My greatest difficulty in the country is to find sport, and, in town, to choose it. In the meantime, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighborhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various: some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and, some of them hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighborhood is what they here call a "White Witch."

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said

twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbor a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old Knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow, and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously, when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded Whig, that is sullen and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a Popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason, that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot and holla and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them, *that it is my way,* and that I am only a philosopher; but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London tomorrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighborhood. A man that is out of humor when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chancecomer, that will be

the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations, makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others, without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the meanwhile, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

"Dear Spec,—

"I suppose this letter will find thee picking of daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have, however, orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou will not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee don't send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service

to the Knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us Commonwealth's men.

"Dear Spec,

"Thine eternally,

"WILL HONEYCOMB." C.

XXVI. TO LONDON BY COACH

[*No. 132, August 1, 1711.*]

Qui, aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est . . . rationem non habet, . . . is ineptus esse dicitur.

CICERO, *De Oratore*, ii. 4; 17.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain, in my hearing, what company he had for the coach. The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim, the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office, he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at daybreak we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavor to be as little liable to be disputed with as pos-

sible, dressed immediately that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled; upon which his cloak bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behavior of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting to the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting. The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. "In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!" This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed.

"Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will wake this pleasant companion who has fallen asleep, to be the brideman, and" (giving the Quaker a clap on the knee) he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father."

The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part, that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoreth of folly: thou art a person of a light mind, thy drum is a type of thee, it soundeth because it is empty. Verily it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother must hear thee if thou wilt needs utter thy follies: we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace. Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing, but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it is an outrage against a distressed person

that cannot get from thee: to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with an happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee; I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I'll be very orderly the ensuing part of the journey. I was going to give myself airs, but, ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humor, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behavior of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place as going to London of all vehicles coming from thence.

The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good fortune that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering.

What, therefore, Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows: "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behavior upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof: but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend" (continued he, turning to the officer), "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again: but be advised by a plain man: modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanor, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it." T.

XXVII. A DEFENSE OF TRADE

[*No. 174, September 19, 1711.*]

Hæc memini et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.
VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, vii. 69.

THERE is scarce anything more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable. It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together, though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety; and this is always the case of the landed and trading interests of Great Britain; the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader: and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing that Carthaginian faith was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be otherwise: that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief end of such a people, they never pursue any other: the means to it are never regarded; they will, if it comes easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will not scruple to attain it by fraud, or cozenage: and indeed,

what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there great and noble be expected from him whose attention is forever fixed upon balancing his books, and watching over his expenses? And at best let frugality and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's charity to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbors?

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust, way among men of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and grudging the approach of their neighbor to their own happiness: and on the other side, he who is the less at his ease repines at the other, who he thinks has unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature; the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honor; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters, or the way in their respective motions.

"It is very well, good captain," interrupted Sir Andrew: "you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a word or two

with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not," continued he, "at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit which have been erected by merchants since the reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue; but it would be worth while to consider whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me more than the households of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed enemies. I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands: we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for and bestowing other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion, from an old proverb, to be out of humor with merchants, it should be no offense to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man

happens to break in Holland, they say of him that 'he has not kept true accounts.' This phrase, perhaps, among us, would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impertinently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy as with gayer nations to be failing in courage or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of everything that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action, or the prudence of any undertaking, without them. I say this in answer to what Sir Roger is pleased to say, 'that little that is truly noble can be expected from one who is ever poring on his cash-book, or balancing his accounts.' When I have my returns from abroad, I can tell to a shilling, by the help of numbers, the profit or loss by my adventure; but I ought also to be able to show that I had reason for making it, either from my own experience or that of other people, or from a reasonable presumption that my returns will be sufficient to answer my expense and hazard; and this is never to be done without the skill of numbers. For instance, if I am to trade to Turkey, I ought beforehand to know the demand of our manufactures there, as well as of their silks in England, and the customary prices that are given for both in each country. I ought to have a clear knowledge of these matters beforehand, that I

may presume upon sufficient returns to answer the charge of the cargo I have fitted out, the freight and assurance out and home, the customs to the queen, and the interest of my own money, and besides all these expenses a reasonable profit to myself. Now what is there of scandal in this skill? What has the merchant done that he should be so little in the good graces of Sir Roger? He throws down no man's enclosures, and tramples upon no man's corn; he takes nothing from the industrious laborer; he pays the poor man for his work; he communicates his profit with mankind; by the preparation of his cargo, and the manufacture of his returns, he furnishes employment and subsistence to greater numbers than the richest nobleman; and even the nobleman is obliged to him for finding out foreign markets for the produce of his estate, and for making a great addition to his rents: and yet 't is certain that none of all these things could be done by him without the exercise of his skill in numbers.

"This is the economy of the merchant, and the conduct of the gentlemen must be the same, unless by scorning to be the steward, he resolves the steward shall be the gentleman. The gentlemen, no more than the merchant, is able, without the help of numbers, to account for the success of any action, or the prudence of any adventure. If, for instance, the chase is his whole adventure, his only returns must be the stag's horns in the great hall, or the fox's nose upon the stable door. Without doubt Sir Roger knows the full value of these returns: and if beforehand he had

computed the charges of the chase, a gentleman of his discretion would certainly have hanged up all his dogs: he would never have brought back so many fine horses to the kennel; he would never have gone so often, like a blast, over fields of corn. If such, too, had been the conduct of all his ancestors, he might truly have boasted at this day that the antiquity of his family had never been sullied by a trade; a merchant had never been permitted with his whole estate to purchase a room for his picture in the gallery of the Coverley's, or to claim his descent from the maid of honor. But 't is very happy for Sir Roger that the merchant paid so dear for his ambition. 'T is the misfortune of many other gentlemen to turn out of the seats of their ancestors, to make way for such new masters as have been more exact in their accounts than themselves; and certainly he deserves the estate a great deal better who has got it by his industry, than he who has lost it by his negligence." T.

XXVIII. THE CRIES OF LONDON

[*No. 251, December 18, 1711.*]

. . . *Linguæ centum sunt, oraque centum,*
Ferrea vox. . . .

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 625.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a foreigner and frights a country squire than the Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger often declares that he cannot get them out of his head, or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is in town. On the contrary, Will Honeycomb calls them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to the sounds of larks and nightingales, with all the music of the fields and woods. I have lately received a letter from some very odd fellow upon this subject, which I shall leave with my reader, without saying anything further of it.

"Sir,—

"I am a man of all business, and would willingly turn my head to anything for an honest livelihood. I have invented several projects for raising many millions of money without burthening the subject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me, who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack and a projector; so that despairing to enrich either myself or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would make some proposals to you relating to a design which I have very much at heart, and which may procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be pleased to recommend it to the cities of London and Westminster.

"The post I would aim at is to be Comptroller-general of the London Cries, which are at present under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

"The cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with the twanking of a brass kettle or a frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds, as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sowgelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose that no instrument of this nature should be made use of which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her Majesty's liege subjects.

"Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and, indeed, so full of incongruities and barbarisms that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above *cla*, and in sounds so exceeding shrill that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest base, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes

in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small coal, not to mention broken glasses or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares; and to take care in particular that those may not make the most noise who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of 'Much cry, but little wool.'

"Some of these last mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived: but what was the effect of this contract? why, the whole tribe of card-matchmakers which frequent that quarter passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

"It is another great imperfection in our London cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should, indeed, be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as 'fire:' yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in so great a hurry that one would think

the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of a victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit, under this head, those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip season; and which are more inexcusable because these are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

"There are others who affect a very slow time, and are, in my opinion, much more tunable than the former; the cooper, in particular, swells his last note in an hollow voice, that is not without its harmony: nor can I forbear being inspired with a most agreeable melancholy when I hear that sad and solemn air with which the public are very often asked if they have any chairs to mend? Your own memory may suggest to you many other lamentable ditties of the same nature, in which the music is wonderfully languishing and melodious.

"I am always pleased with that particular time of the year which is proper for the pickling of dill and cucumbers; but, alas, this cry, like the song of the nightingale, is not heard above two months. It would, therefore, be worth while to consider whether the same air might not in some cases be adapted to other words.

"It might likewise deserve our most serious consideration, how far, in a well-regulated city, those humorists are to be tolerated who, not contented with

the traditional cries of their forefathers, have invented particular songs and tunes of their own: such as was, not many years since, the pastry-man, commonly known by the name of the colly-molly-puff; and such as is at this day the vender of powder and wash-balls, who, if I am rightly informed, goes under the name of Powder Watt.

"I must not here omit one particular absurdity which runs through this whole vociferous generation, and which renders their cries very often not only incommodious, but altogether useless to the public; I mean that idle accomplishment which they all of them aim at, of crying so as not to be understood. Whether or no they have learned this from several of our affected singers, I will not take upon me to say; but most certain it is, that people know the wares they deal in rather by their tunes than by their words; insomuch, that I have sometimes seen a country boy run out to buy apples of a bellows-mender, and ginger-bread from a grinder of knives and scissors. Nay, so strangely infatuated are some very eminent artists of this particular grace in a cry, that none but their acquaintance are able to guess at their profession; for who else can know that 'Work if I had it' should be the signification of a corn-cutter?

"Forasmuch, therefore, as persons of this rank are seldom men of genius or capacity, I think it would be very proper that some man of good sense and sound judgment should preside over these public cries, who should permit none to lift up their voices in our streets

that have not tuneable throats, and are not only able to overcome the noise of the crowd, and the rattling of coaches, but also to vend their respective merchandise in apt phrases, and in the most distinct and agreeable sounds. I do therefore humbly recommend myself as a person rightly qualified for this post: and if I meet with fitting encouragement, shall communicate some other projects which I have by me, that may no less conduce to the emolument of the public.

"I am, Sir, &c. RALPH CROTCHET."

C.

XXIX. SIR ROGER IN LONDON

[*No. 269, January 8, 1712.*]

Ævo rarissima nostro
Simplicitas.

OVID, *Ars Amatoria*, i. 241.

I WAS this morning surprised with a great knocking at the door, when my landlady's daughter came up to me, and told me that there was a man below desired to speak with me. Upon my asking her who it was, she told me it was a very grave elderly person, but that she did not know his name. I immediately went down to him, and found him to be the coachman of my worthy friend Sir Roger de Coverley. He told me that his master came to town last night, and would be glad to take a turn with me in Gray's Inn Walks. As I was wondering in myself what had brought Sir Roger to town, not having lately received any letter from him, he told me that his master was come up to get a sight of Prince Eugene, and that he desired I would immediately meet him.

I was not a little pleased with the curiosity of the old Knight, though I did not much wonder at it, having heard him say more than once in private discourse, that he looked upon Prince Eugenio (for so the Knight always calls him) to be a greater man than Scanderbeg.

I was no sooner come into Gray's Inn Walks, but I heard my friend upon the terrace hemming twice or thrice to himself with great vigor, for he loves to clear

his pipes in good air (to make use of his own phrase), and is not a little pleased with any one who takes notice of the strength which he still exerts in his morning hems.

I was touched with a secret joy at the sight of the good old man, who before he saw me was engaged in conversation with a beggar-man that had asked an alms of him. I could hear my friend chide him for not finding out some work; but at the same time saw him put his hand in his pocket and give him sixpence.

Our salutations were very hearty on both sides, consisting of many kind shakes of the hand, and several affectionate looks which we cast upon one another. After which the Knight told me my good friend his chaplain was very well, and much at my service, and that the Sunday before he had made a most incomparable sermon out of Doctor Barrow. "I have left," says he, "all my affairs in his hands, and being willing to lay an obligation upon him, have deposited with him thirty marks, to be distributed among his poor parishioners."

He then proceeded to acquaint me with the welfare of Will Wimble. Upon which he put his hand into his fob and presented me in his name with a tobacco-stopper, telling me that Will had been busy all the beginning of the winter in turning great quantities of them; and that he made a present of one to every gentleman in the country who has good principles, and smokes. He added that poor Will was at present under great tribulation, for that Tom Touchy had taken

the law of him for cutting some hazel sticks out of one of his hedges.

Among other pieces of news which the Knight brought from his country seat, he informed me that Moll White was dead; and that about a month after her death the wind was so very high that it blew down the end of one of his barns. "But for my own part," says Sir Roger, "I do not think that the old woman had any hand in it."

He afterwards fell into an account of the diversions which had passed in his house during the holidays; for Sir Roger, after the laudable custom of his ancestors, always keeps open house at Christmas. I learned from him that he had killed eight fat hogs for the season, that he had dealt about his chines very liberally amongst his neighbors, and that in particular he had sent a string of hogs-puddings with a pack of cards to every poor family in the parish. "I have often thought," says Sir Roger, "it happens very well that Christmas should fall out in the middle of the winter. It is the most dead uncomfortable time of the year, when the poor people would suffer very much from their poverty and cold if they had not good cheer, warm fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small beer, and set it a-running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased

to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late Act of Parliament for securing the Church of England, and told me, with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid Dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after, gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's Procession?"—but without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The Knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Eugenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence does so

much honor to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I found that, since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in *Baker's Chronicle,* and other authors, who always lie in his hall window, which very much redound to the honor of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the Knight's reflections, which were partly private, and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's. As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with everything that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffeehouse, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax candle, and the *Supplement,* with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humor that all the boys in the coffeeroom (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea till the Knight had got all his conveniences about him. L.

XXX. SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

[*No. 329, March 18, 1712.*]

Ire tamen restat, Numa quò devenit, et Ancus.
HORACE, *Epistles*, I. vi. 27.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me t'other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, in which, says he, there are a great many ingenious fancies. He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the Knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon *Baker's Chronicle*, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the Abbey.

I found the Knight under his butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed than he called for a glass of the Widow Trueby's water, which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended me to a dram of it at the same time with so much heartiness that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the Knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew

I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me, further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection; and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic. When of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs. Trueby's water, telling me that the Widow Trueby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the county; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her water gratis among all sorts of people: to which the Knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; "And truly," says Sir Roger, "if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better."

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good; upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the Knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and, upon his presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked: as I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of their best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey till we were set down at the west end of the Abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the Knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, "A brave man, I warrant him!" Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his hand that way, and cried, "Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!" As we stood before Busby's tomb, the Knight uttered himself again after the same manner,—"Dr. Busby—a great man! he whipped my grandfather—a very great man! I should have gone to him myself if I had not been a blockhead—a very great man!"

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the King of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and, concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our

interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth, the Knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and, after having regarded her finger for some time, "I wonder," says he, "that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his *Chronicle.*"

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's Pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and, looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland. The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him that he hoped his honor would pay his forfeit. I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but, our guide not insisting upon his demand, the Knight soon recovered his good humor, and whispered in my ear that if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward the Third's sword, and, leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding that, in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward the Third was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb, upon which Sir Roger acquainted us that he was the

first who touched for the evil, and afterwards Henry the Fourth's, upon which he shook his head and told us there was fine reading in the casualties in that reign.

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without an head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since, "Some Whig, I'll warrant you," says Sir Roger: "you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too if you don't take care."

The glorious names of Henry the Fifth and Queen Elizabeth gave the Knight great opportunities of shining and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, who, as our Knight observed with some surprise, had a great many kings in him whose monuments he had not seen in the Abbey.

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the Knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man: for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure. L.

XXXI. FASHIONS IN BEARDS

[*No. 331, March 20, 1712.*]

Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.
PERSIUS, *Satires*, ii. 28.

WHEN I was last with my friend Sir Roger in Westminster Abbey, I observed that he stood longer than ordinary before the bust of a venerable old man. I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; when, after some time, he pointed to the figure, and asked me if I did not think that our forefathers looked much wiser in their beards than we do without them? "For my part," says he, "when I am walking in my gallery in the country, and see my ancestors, who many of them died before they were at my age, I cannot forbear regarding them as so many old patriarchs, and at the same time looking upon myself as an idle smockfaced young fellow. I love to see your Abrahams, your Isaacs, and your Jacobs, as we have them in old pieces of tapestry, with beards below their girdles, that cover half the hangings." The Knight added, if I would recommend beards in one of my papers, and endeavor to restore human faces to their ancient dignity, that, upon a month's warning he would undertake to lead up the fashion himself in a pair of whiskers.

I smiled at my friend's fancy; but, after we parted, could not forbear reflecting on the metamorphosis our faces have undergone in this particular.

The beard, conformable to the notion of my friend Sir Roger, was for many ages looked upon as the type

of wisdom. Lucian more than once rallies the philosophers of his time, who endeavored to rival one another in beard; and represents a learned man who stood for a professorship in philosophy, as unqualified for it by the shortness of his beard.

Ælian, in his account of Zoilus, the pretended critic, who wrote against Homer and Plato, and thought himself wiser than all who had gone before him, tells us that this Zoilus had a very long beard that hung down upon his breast, but no hair upon his head, which he always kept close shaved, regarding, it seems, the hairs of his head as so many suckers, which, if they had been suffered to grow, might have drawn away the nourishment from his chin, and by that means have starved his beard.

I have read somewhere that one of the popes refused to accept an edition of a saint's works, which were presented to him, because the saint, in his effigies before the book, was drawn without a beard.

We see by these instances what homage the world has formerly paid to beards; and that a barber was not then allowed to make those depredations on the faces of the learned which have been permitted him of later years.

Accordingly several wise nations have been so extremely jealous of the least ruffle offered to their beard, that they seem to have fixed the point of honor principally in that part. The Spaniards were wonderfully tender in this particular. Don Quevedo, in his third

vision on the last judgment, has carried the humor very far when he tells us that one of his vain-glorious countrymen, after having received sentence, was taken into custody by a couple of evil spirits; but that his guides happening to disorder his mustachoes, they were forced to recompose them with a pair of curling-irons before they could get him to file off.

If we look into the history of our own nation, we shall find that the beard flourished in the Saxon heptarchy, but was very much discouraged under the Norman line. It shot out, however, from time to time, in several reigns under different shapes. The last effort it made seems to have been in Queen Mary's days, as the curious reader may find if he pleases to peruse the figures of Cardinal Pole and Bishop Gardiner; though, at the same time, I think it may be questioned if zeal against popery has not induced our Protestant painters to extend the beards of these two persecutors beyond their natural dimensions in order to make them appear more terrible.

I find but few beards worth taking notice of in the reign of King James the First.

During the civil wars there appeared one which makes too great a figure in story to be passed over in silence: I mean that of the redoubted Hudibras, an account of which Butler has transmitted to posterity in the following lines:

> "His tawny beard was th' equal grace
> Both of his wisdom and his face;
> In cut and dye so like a tile,

A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether orange mixt with gray."

The whisker continued for some time among us after the expiration of beards; but this is a subject which I shall not here enter upon, having discussed it at large in a distinct treatise, which I keep by me in manuscript, upon the mustachoe.

If my friend Sir Roger's project of introducing beards should take effect, I fear the luxury of the present age would make it a very expensive fashion. There is no question but the beaux would soon provide themselves with false ones of the lightest colors and the most immoderate lengths. A fair beard, of the tapestry size Sir Roger seems to approve, could not come under twenty guineas. The famous golden beard of Æsculapius would hardly be more valuable than one made in the extravagance of the fashion.

Besides, we are not certain that the ladies would not come into the mode, when they take the air on horseback. They already appear in hats and feathers, coats and periwigs; and I see no reason why we should not suppose that they would have their riding-beards on the same occasion. X.

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XXXII. SIR ROGER AT THE THEATRE

[*No. 335, March 25, 1712.*]

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo
Doctum imitatorem, et vivas hinc ducere voces.
HORACE, *Ars Poetica*, 327, 328.

My friend, Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the Club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy with me, assuring me, at the same time, that he had not been at a play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the 'Committee,' which I should not have gone to neither, had not I been told beforehand that it was a good Church of England comedy." He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was, and, upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy, he had read his life at the end of the dictionary. My friend asked me, in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohocks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night, for I observed two or three lusty black men that followed me half way up Fleet Street, and mended their pace behind me in proportion as I put on to get away from them. You must know," continued the Knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to *hunt* me, for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighborhood who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time; for

which reason he has not yet would himself in town ever since. I might have shown them very good sport had this been their design; for, as I am an old foxhunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they had never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it; "for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk Street, where I doubled the corner and got shelter in my lodgings before they could imagine what was become of me. However," says the Knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night, and if you will both of you call upon me about four o'clock, that we may be at the house before it is full, I will have my own coach in readiness to attend you, for John tells me he has got the fore wheels mended."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for that he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk. Sir Roger's servants, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good oaken plants to attend their master upon this occasion. When he had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and his butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, we convoyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, after having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him betwixt us in the pit. As soon as the house was full, and the candles lighted,

my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which a mind seasoned with humanity naturally feels in itself at the sight of a multitude of people who seemed pleased with one another, and partake of the same common entertainment. I could not but fancy to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre to a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus, the Knight told me that he did not believe the King of France himself had a better strut. I was, indeed, very attentive to my old friend's remarks, because I looked upon them as a piece of natural criticism; and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. One while he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hermione; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered me in the ear that he was sure she would never have him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, Sir, what 't is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus his threatening afterwards to leave her, the Knight shook his head, and muttered to himself, "Ay, do if you can." This part dwelt so much upon my friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act, as I was thinking of something else, he whispered in my ear, "These

widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," says he, "you that are a critic, is this play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should your people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Why, there is not a single sentence in this play that I do not know the meaning of."

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer: "Well," says the Knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "I suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his first entering he took for Astyanax; but he quickly set himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, "who," says he, "must needs be a very fine child by the account that is given of him." Upon Hermione's going off with a menace to Pyrrhus, the audience gave a loud clap, to which Sir Roger added, "On my word, a notable young baggage!"

As there was a very remarkable silence and stillness in the audience during the whole action, it was natural for them to take the opportunity of these intervals between the acts to express their opinion of the players and of their respective parts. Sir Roger hearing a cluster of them praise Orestes, struck in with them, and told them that he thought his friend Pylades was a very sensible man; as they were after-

wards applauding Pyrrhus, Sir Roger put in a second time: "And let me tell you," says he, "though he speaks but little, I like the old fellow in whiskers as well as any of them." Captain Sentry seeing two or three wags, who sat near us, lean with an attentive ear towards Sir Roger, and fearing lest they should smoke the Knight, plucked him by the elbow, and whispered something in his ear, that lasted till the opening of the fifth act. The Knight was wonderfully attentive to the account which Orestes gives of Pyrrhus his death, and at the conclusion of it, told me it was such a bloody piece of work that he was glad it was not done upon the stage. Seeing afterwards Orestes in his raving fit, he grew more than ordinary serious, and took occasion to moralize (in his way) upon an evil conscience, adding that Orestes, in his madness, looked as if he saw something.

As we were the first that came into the house, so we were the last that went out of it; being resolved to have a clear passage for our old friend, whom we did not care to venture among the jostling of the crowd. Sir Roger went out fully satisfied with his entertainment, and we guarded him to his lodgings in the same manner that we brought him to the playhouse; being highly pleased, for my own part, not only with the performance of the excellent piece which had been presented, but with the satisfaction which it had given to the good old man. L.

XXXIII. WILL HONEYCOMB'S LOVE AFFAIRS

[*No. 359, April 22, 1712.*]

Torva leæna lupum sequitur, lupus ipse capellam:
Florentem cytisum sequitur lasciva capella.

VIRGIL, *Eclogues*, ii. 63, 64.

As we were at the Club last night, I observed that my friend Sir Roger, contrary to his usual custom, sat very silent, and instead of minding what was said by the company, was whistling to himself in a very thoughtful mood, and playing with a cork. I jogged Sir Andrew Freeport, who sat between us; and as we were both observing him, we saw the Knight shake his head, and heard him say to himself, "A foolish woman! I can't believe it." Sir Andrew gave him a gentle pat upon the shoulder, and offered to lay him a bottle of wine that he was thinking of the Widow. My old friend started, and recovering out of his brown study, told Sir Andrew that once in his life he had been in the right. In short, after some little hesitation, Sir Roger told us in the fulness of his heart, that he had just received a letter from his steward, which acquainted him that his old rival and antagonist in the county, Sir David Dundrum, had been making a visit to the Widow. "However," says Sir Roger, "I can never think that she'll have a man that's half a year older than I am, and a noted Republican into the bargain."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his par-

ticular province, interrupting our friend with a jaunty laugh, "I thought, Knight," says he, "thou hadst lived long enough in the world not to pin thy happiness upon one that is a woman and a widow. I think that without vanity I may pretend to know as much of the female world as any man in Great Britain, though the chief of my knowledge consists in this, that they are not to be known." Will immediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into an account of his own amours. "I am now," says he, "upon the verge of fifty" (though, by the way, we all knew he was turned of threescore). "You may easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not lived so long in the world without having had some thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that way, though I can't much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in the country; but when I thought things were pretty well drawing to a conclusion, her father happening to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon, the old put forbid me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a foxhunter in the neighborhood.

"I made my next applications to a widow, and attacked her so briskly that I thought myself within a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morning, she told me that she intended to keep her ready money and jointure in her own hand, and desired me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn, who could

adjust with me what it was proper for me to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture that I never inquired either for her or her attorney afterwards.

"A few months after, I addressed myself to a young lady who was an only daughter, and of a good family: I danced with her at several balls, squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her, and, in short, made no doubt of her heart; and, though my fortune was not equal to hers, I was in hopes that her fond father would not deny her the man she had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one day to the house in order to break the matter to him, I found the whole family in confusion, and heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenny was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often commended my person and behavior. Her maid, indeed, told me one day that her mistress had said she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses successively, and being a handsome young dog in those days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but I don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom failed of getting the daughters' consent, I could never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which I made some years since upon an old woman, whom I

had certainly borne away with flying colors if her relations had not come pouring in to her assistance from all parts of England; nay, I believe I should have got her at last, had not she been carried off by an hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, he turned from Sir Roger, and, applying himself to me, told me there was a passage in the book I had considered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ in letters of gold; and taking out a pocket Milton, read the following lines, which are part of one of Adam's speeches to Eve after the fall:—

"Oh! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heav'n
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind? This mischief had not then befall'n,
And more that shall befall; innumerable
Disturbances on earth through female snares,
And straight conjunction with this sex: for either
He never shall find out fit mate, but such
As some misfortune brings him, or mistake:
Or, whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
Through her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd
By a far worse; or if she love, withheld
By parents; or his happiest choice too late
Shall meet, already link'd and wedlock-bound
To a fell adversary, his hate or shame;
Which infinite calamity shall cause
To human life, and household peace confound."

Sir Roger listened to this passage with great attention, and desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down a leaf at the place, and lend him his book, the Knight put it up in his pocket, and told us that he would read over those verses again before he went to bed. X.

XXXIV. A TRIP TO SPRING GARDEN

[*No. 383, May 20, 1712.*]

Criminibus debent Hortos.

JUVENAL, *Satires*, i. 75.

As I was sitting in my chamber and thinking on a subject for my next *Spectator*, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger's voice; and that I had promised to go with him on the water to Spring Garden, in case it proved a good evening. The Knight put me in mind of my promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me that if I was speculating he would stay below till I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend, and my landlady herself, who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him, being mightly pleased with his stroking her little boy upon the head, and bidding him to be a good child, and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple Stairs but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen, offering us their respective services. Sir Roger, after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it,

"You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of anybody to row me that has not either lost a leg or an arm. I would rather bate him a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the Queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept a barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trimmed the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vauxhall. Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg, and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the Knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of Popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London Bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world: with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old Knight turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of this great Metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple Bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger; "there is no reli-

gion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church work is slow, church work is slow!''

I do not remember I have anywhere mentioned, in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting everybody that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity, though at the same time it renders him so popular among all his country neighbors that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but to the Knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, with a great deal of the like Thames ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length, assuming a face of magistracy, told us that if he were a Middlesex justice he would make such vagrants know that her Majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring Garden, which is exquisitely pleasant at this time of year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sang upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of

Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the Knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator! the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the Widow by the music of the nightingales!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her. But the Knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the Widow, told her she was a wanton baggage, and bid her go about her business.

We concluded our walk with a glass of Burton ale and a slice of hung beef. When we had done eating ourselves, the Knight called a waiter to him, and bid him carry the remainder to the waterman that had but one leg. I perceived the fellow stared upon him at the oddness of the message, and was going to be saucy; upon which I ratified the Knight's commands with a peremptory look.

As we were going out of the garden, my old friend, thinking himself obliged as a member of the quorum to animadvert upon the morals of the place, told the mistress of the house, who sat at the bar, that he should be a better customer to her garden if there were more nightingales and fewer strumpets. I.

XXXV. THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER

[*No. 517, October 23, 1712.*]

Heu Pietas! heu prisca Fides!

VIRGIL, *Æneid*, vi. 878.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our Club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. I question not but my readers themselves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead. He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport has a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the County-Sessions, as he was very warmly promoting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a Whig-Justice of Peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the Knight's house. As my friend the butler mentions, in the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances the others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"HONOURED SIR,

"Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy

news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a-hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him, and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It

was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon, the remaining part of our days. He has bequeath'd a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley Church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverley's, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the Quorum. The whole parish follow'd the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the Hall-House, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he

says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has ne'er joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'T was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This being all from,

"Honoured sir,

"Your most sorrowful servant.

"EDWARD BISCUIT.

"P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book which comes up to you by the carrier should be given to Sir Andrew Freeport, in his name."

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the Club. Sir Andrew opening the book, found it to be a Collection of Acts of Parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with some passages in it marked by Sir Roger's own hand. Sir Andrew found that they related to two or three points which he had disputed with Sir Roger the last time he appeared at the Club. Sir Andrew, who would have been merry at such an incident on another occasion, at the sight of the old man's hand-writing

burst into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain Sentry informs me that the Knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the Club.

C.

NOTES

(Blackface numerals refer to pages, lightface ones to lines.)

I. THE SPECTATOR'S INTRODUCTION OF HIMSELF

A well-defined purpose prompted the writing of each number of *The Spectator.* In Paper No. 1 the purpose was frankly to arouse interest in the new periodical—to advertise the project; and the method was to pique the curiosity of the reader by referring to the Spectator as a real person, while keeping his identity hidden. In this paper Addison wrote a burlesque of his own life and character, and the student can find much of interest in comparing the actual facts of Addison's life with the jumble of false and true that is found here. Was Addison "born to a small hereditary estate"? Was he a sober child? Was he diffident in speech? Did he travel abroad? Was he "a spectator of mankind"? It will be interesting to ask and to answer these and other questions suggested by the essay.

65. 1-6. Do you think the Spectator's statement is true of our reading today? Can you think of any changes in the writing and publishing of books that make his assertion less applicable today than in 1710?

65. 3. **black—choleric.** Look up in an unabridged dictionary the original meaning of the word *complection* (original spelling *complexion*). From the mixture of the *humors* (fluids) in the human body a person was said to derive his humor, **disposition**, or temperament, whether melancholy **(black), choleric,** sanguine, or phlegmatic.

66. 7. **depending.** Today we should say *pending.*

66. 20. **nonage.** Not of age—the period of legal infancy; before the age of twenty-one.

66. 22. **parts.** What does "a man of parts" mean?

67. 2. **learned.** Latin and Greek. Why are these languages called the **learned tongues?**

67. 14. **Measure of a pyramid.** A satiric thrust at the pedantry of the time. In Addison's day many books were being published on trivial and inconsequential subjects, and much was made of minute points of scholarship.

67. 24. **Will's.** A famous coffeehouse in Covent Garden. (See Introduction, p. 34.)

67. 26. **Child's.** A coffeehouse near St. Paul's Cathedral, to which resorted, chiefly, the members of the clergy.

67. 29. **St. James' coffeehouse.** A Whig gathering-place on Pall Mall.

68. 3-7. **Grecian, Cocoa Tree, Jonathan's.** References to the **Grecian** coffeehouse are frequent in *The Tatler* (See Introduction, p. 34); the **Cocoa Tree** was the meeting-place of those Tories who called themselves *Jacobites*—the adherents of James, the deposed Stuart King; **Jonathan's,** near the Royal Exchange, was where the stock-brokers were wont to gather.

68. 4. **Drury Lane and the Hay Market.** There are in London today theatres of the same name on the sites of the old playhouses.

68. 18. **blots.** Unprotected pieces in the game of back-gammon, which are liable to be taken by the opposing player.

68. 21. **exact neutrality.** Observe the unusual character of this statement in a day when every periodical, and very many books, showed a political bias.

68. 21. **Whigs and Tories.** See Introduction, p. 20.

69. 12. **diversion or improvement.** Here, in two words, the author has indicated the real purpose of *The Spectator.* In Essay IV (No. 34) note how the purpose to divert and to improve the country is enlarged upon.

69. 17. **spoken to.** It is chiefly in the use of the preposition that the idiom of Addison's day differed from ours. Note these peculiarities.

71. 1. **complexion.** See note on p. 65, l. 3. What is the meaning of the word here?

70. 3. **discoveries.** The old meaning of the word. Note its derivation.

70. 9. **concerted.** Meaning?

70. 5-18. In what specific ways does the last paragraph crystallize interest and pique curiosity, so that those who have read No. 1 of *The Spectator* will want to see No. 2? Has Addison achieved his purpose?

70. 18. **C.** How do you know who wrote this paper?

II. A DISCUSSION AT THE CLUB

Essays I, II, and IV (Nos. 1, 2, and 34) may be considered as general introductions to the purposes and methods to be pursued by *The Spectator*, and as such they are very important. As in Essay I Addison developed the character of the Spectator, so in Essay II Steele drew brief sketches of the members of the Club to which Addison referred in his last paragraph. The idea of having the opinions expressed in the paper emanate from a club was a happy one, for it enabled the authors to give those opinions a personal touch, as having been previously discussed; and the introduction of the personal element served to stimulate the interest and curiosity of the reader. The members of the Club, it will be noted, represented nearly all classes of society, and thus each class could be reasonably sure of having its point of view presented and its own special interests defended. Here we have brief portraits, skilfully drawn, of a country squire, a lawyer, a merchant, an army officer, a man of society, and a clergyman. Note the character of each, both as an individual and as a type of the class he represented; and note, too, how each class was more or less the object of genial satire in the drawing of the character of its representative.

71. 4. **country-dance.** A *square* dance, the Roger de Coverley, the word *country* being a popular corruption of the Latin word *contra.*

71. 10. **humor.** See note, p. 65, l. 3. The meaning of the word here is *temperament.* **An old humorsome father** (p. 72, l. 24) means a temperamental, odd, or whimsical father. Look the word up in a dictionary for a complete understanding of its meaning.

71. 15. **Soho Square.** Off New Oxford Street. You will remember that it was here Dr. Manette and his family lived (Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*).

71. 19. **Lord Rochester.** One of the most brilliant and debauched of many such members of the Court of Charles II.

71. 20. **Sir George Etherege.** A clever writer of immoral comedies, who had a great vogue at the Court of "the Merry Monarch." Like Rochester, he was a libertine and a drunkard. His death resulted from his falling downstairs during a drunken orgy (1691).

71. 21. **Bully Dawson.** A swaggering rascal, notorious for his escapades during the time of Charles II.

72. 16. **justice of the quorum.** One of the several country squires invited to assist the presiding judge at the semi-annual court of assizes, the superior court.

72. 17. **quarter-session.** The quarterly session of the local criminal court, at which the squire presided as justice of the peace.

72. 19. **explaining a passage in the Game Act.** The satire here is evident. This somewhat complicated law protected the country gentlemen in their hunting for sport, and forbade to the needy yeomen the privilege of hunting for food. A man who had not an income of £40 or more was forbidden to hunt at all; one with an income of £100 had extended privileges.

72. 21. **Inner Temple.** There are in London four legal societies which exercise functions that we entrust to our courts of law—admitting law students to the bar, and disbarring lawyers who are unworthy of professional standing. They also are the law schools. These societies, The Inner Temple, The Middle Temple, Lincoln's Inn, and Gray's Inn, take their names from the buildings, or groups of buildings, which they have long occupied, buildings which stand adjacent to or enclose, as in a quadrangle, pleasant gardens. The maze of buildings, lanes, walks, and gardens known as the **Inner Temple** and the **Middle Temple** is in the very heart of London, between Fleet Street and the Thames. This site was once the home of the Knights Templar; hence the names, and hence the custom of calling a member of either of these societies a *Templar*. Gray's Inn and Lincoln's Inn are adjacent to Holborn, the one just north and the other just south of the great thoroughfare that bisects London from east to west. All were mentioned more than once in *The Spectator*.

72. 27. **Aristotle** (fourth century B. C.) was the great Greek authority on the dramatic unities and the laws of dramatic art.

72. 28. **Longinus** (third century after Christ) was a Greek critic and philosopher who expounded ideas of the beautiful in art.

72. 28-29. **Littleton or Coke.** The accepted English authorities on the law of property. They were born in the fifteenth and the sixteenth century, respectively.

73. 6. **Demosthenes and Tully.** The one the greatest of the Greek orators, the other the greatest of the Roman orators. **Tully** is Marcus Tullius Cicero.

73. 23. **The Rose.** A coffeehouse near Drury Lane Theatre, frequented by actors.

73. 26. **Sir Andrew Freeport.** Since the merchant was by title a knight and by name **Freeport,** what should you say (1) as to his politics, Whig or Tory; and (2) as to his views on free trade and protection? (See Introduction, p. 45ff.)

74. 24ff. **Captain Sentry.** The picture of an army captain who was modest, frank, and neither overbearing nor obsequious, was indeed a satire upon the average military officer of the time. For a picture of the typical army officer, see Essay XXVI.

76. 8. **gallant.** The noun, not the adjective, here.

76. 17. **habits.** Clothes.

76. 29. **Duke of Monmouth.** The illegitimate son of Charles II, whose effort to take the throne from his uncle, James II, was frustrated at the Battle of Sedgemoor. The Duke was captured, taken to London, and executed. For history more fascinating than any novel read the account of Monmouth's Rebellion in Macaulay's *History of England.* It was to this battlefield that John Ridd went, in *Lorna Doone,* to rescue his brother-in-law, Tom Faggus (Chapter LXIV). The famous portrait of the Duke by Sir Peter Lely confirms the tradition that he was as handsome a courtier as ever stepped upon a ballroom floor.

77. 7. **Mirabel.** The name was used in several of the Restoration comedies as that of a character of gay demeanor and loose morals.

77. 21ff. The satire upon the clergy of the time consisted in drawing here the picture of a divine so unlike most of the churchmen. (See Introduction, pp. 35, 36, 41.)

78. 8. **R.** How do you know that Steele wrote this paper?

III. SIR ROGER ON MANNERS AND MORALS

This is a typical paper in which there were held up to ridicule by *The Spectator* "vices too trivial for the law and too fantastic for the pulpit." Steele's readers had here an excellent satire on the subordination of moral and intellectual standards to mere cleverness and wit. In Paper V the degeneracy of intellectual life among people of fashion was dealt with from a different point of view.

79. 9. **ill.** Bad. See also l. 22.

80. 3. **Scarecrow.** Was this, by any chance, the man's real name? Read the last paragraph of Essay IV.

80. 10-20. **Every man . . . passions.** Paraphrase this statement, using modern idiomatic English.

80. 20. **Equipage.** Equipment—clothes, household, attendants; anything with which a man might make an outward display of his wealth and position.

80. 23. **above him.** More than he.

81. 10. At the conclusion of Sir Roger's remarks, are we not impressed with the fact that he has been speaking somewhat out of character? Should we expect so much wise philosophy from a man whom Addison and Steele depicted as very simple-minded indeed?

81. 19. **Sir Richard Blackmore.** A physician and minor poet of the latter part of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries.

82. 28. **ridiculous.** Subject to ridicule.

83. 24. Try to apply the truths expressed in this paper to conditions as you observe them about you today. Are the truths here stated applicable to the modern theatre, the modern novel, modern society? What should be the relation of manners to morals?

IV. A DISCUSSION AT THE CLUB

This paper, the fourth of the Sir Roger de Coverley series but the thirty-fourth number of *The Spectator*, was issued after the daily periodical had been for more than a month in the hands of the public. The success of the paper was now assured, and the plans of its publishers were now crystallized. More clearly than in Numbers 1 and 2 they now set forth the *purposes* and the *methods* to be pursued. The delicious way in which each class of society was satirized because of its restricted point of view should be noted; and it should be observed how, from this point on, the purposes and methods of *The Spectator* were followed out in the correction of popular vice and folly. Was there drawn a faulty character which did not "fit at least a thousand people"; or was there published a single paper that was not written "in the spirit of benevolence"? Have these questions in mind when reading the following essays.

84. 24. **liberties . . . with the opera.** *The Spectator*, Nos. 13 and 18, in which the opera had been satirized.

85. 8. **in the city.** That restricted part of London which was formerly enclosed within the walls; in the eighteenth century, the part that was the center for business and trading. For an understanding of the demarcation of the classes that caused *gentlemen* to look down on those engaged in *trade*, see the Introduction, p. 22. Note also ll. 19-23 below.

85. 24-25. **Horace, Juvenal, Boileau.** Famous writers of satire, the first two Latin, and the last French.

87. 8-12. **He afterwards . . . cognizance of the pulpit.** It would be well to memorize these lines.

88. 4-10. See Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*, Act IV, Scene 1.

88. 16. **Punch.** The remarks of this puppet character in the popular Punch and Judy shows, which were often characterized by their extreme freedom of utterance and their personal references to well-known people.

88. 19-29. The *purpose* of the paper was clearly set forth in ll. 8-12; the *method* was clearly stated here. Cf. l. 12, p. 69, in Essay I, and note thereon.

V. THE LIBRARY OF A LADY OF FASHION

On the part of the women of fashion of Queen Anne's day there was a general affectation of culture, and an aping of French taste. Charles II spent his days of exile in France, and with the Restoration in 1660 he brought to England a knowledge of and a desire to emulate French learning and politeness. That which was French became the fashion, and so continued for many years. If the French manner of thought and behavior did not come naturally to those who assumed it, it was awkwardly affected, with the result that the sham culture resulting became an obvious subject for satire.

To understand the satire of this paper adequately, it is necessary to study carefully the titles of the books listed and to discern which of them the Lady bought to read, and which, by means of a display of them, to make people believe she read. Those who knew her, and who knew the contents of the books, would have had no difficulty in determining her motive with respect to each volume. For the student this judgment will be more difficult, but herein the notes on the more obsolete volumes will be of service.

89. 3. **Leonora.** The Spectator repeatedly used the classic names taken from pastoral verse to cloak the identity of the individual whom he had in mind. Thus **Leonora** was any lady of fashion. Find other such names in your reading, and note the effect of their use in never drawing "a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people."

89. 14. **folios.** Volumes of large format. Look up **quarto** and **octavo.**

89. 14-90. 6. What do you think of the "architecture" of the books and bric-a-brac?

90. 25-26. **Virgil, Juvenal.** The classic authors, Latin and Greek, were much in vogue; but did the Lady read them?

90. 27-29. **Cassandra, Cleopatra, Astraea.** Translations of long-winded sentimental French romances. **The Grand Cyrus** (p. 91. 1.) was another of these, in ten volumes.

90. 30. **Sir Isaac Newton's Works.** Note the effect of placing Newton in this French company.

91. 3. **Pembroke's Arcadia.** A pastoral romance in prose and verse by Sir Philip Sidney, published by his sister, the Countess of Pembroke.

91. 4. **Locke** (1632-1704). One of the first writers on the subject now known as psychology. The humor of his position between a romance and a spelling-book is obvious.

91. 8. **Sherlock**, William, dean of St. Paul's, and author of *Discourse Concerning Death.* He had been dead four years when *The Spectator* was founded.

91. 10. **Sir William Temple.** See Macaulay's essay on this versatile statesman and author, who died in 1699.

91. 11. **Father Malbranche, Nicholas.** Frenchman of the seventeenth century, author of *Search After Truth.*

91. 13. **Novels.** Short romantic stories; the first novel, in the modern sense, was not written until 1740.

91. 14. **The Academy of Compliments.** Was this one of the books that the Lady really read? What purpose would it serve?

91. 17. **Durfey**, Thomas. He preferred, himself, to spell his name D'Urfey, and it is usually so written. Besides the *Tales in Verse* he wrote *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, a volume of songs. It will perhaps be evident why the pages had been **doubled down in several places**—a volume, spicy in character, which the Lady had been lately perusing.

91. 19. **in wood.** She would not read these authors but every good library must display them.

91. 20. **Elzevirs by the same hand.** Elzevir was a famous Dutch bookbinder. A really fashionable library had to have something of his handiwork in it; in the Lady's library the carpenter's **hand** must suffice for this show, as in the case of the **Classic Authors.**

91. 21. **Clelia.** Mme. de Scudery's popular French romance. The love-scene evidently had been often re-read by the sentimental Lady.

91. 23. **Baker's Chronicle.** Sir Roger's favorite volume (See Essays XXIX and XXX); stories of the kings of England.

91. 25. The New Atalantis. A volume of pure scandal, in which the great Whig families were mercilessly attacked under assumed names; but **the Key** furnished the real names, and one who wanted the latest scandal could not afford to be without it.

91. 26. Christian Hero. Can you imagine Addison's whimsical smile as he included his friend's solemn work in this mixed category of books?

91. 29. Dr. Sacheverell's Speech. See Introduction, p. 21.

91. 30. Fielding's Trial. The account of the trial for bigamy of a notorious man of fashion.

92. 2. Taylor's Holy Living and Dying (not the complete title). Jeremy Taylor's famous book is still read with interest and pleasure. He was a chaplain in the army of Charles I.

92. 3. La Ferte brings the list to a proper anticlimax. (See note on **country-dances**, p. 71, l. 4.)

92. 11. Notice the abrupt transition. Why did the Spectator not drive home the satire of the book-list? Is the satire more effective without comment?

92. 12. a widow. Because of this epithet, some editors have assumed that Leonora was the object of Sir Roger's unrequited love (Essay II). Is this possible? Give the reasons for your answer.

92. 27. particular. Unusual, strange.

92. 27. discovers. Reveals.

93. 3-19. Wherein was the Lady's garden of a piece with her library?

93. 6. turtles. Turtle-doves.

93. 18. consort. Concert (agreement in sound, to produce harmony).

94. 4-9. The paper was published, No. 92.

VI. COVERLEY HALL

The Lady's Library was No. 37 of *The Spectator:* the present paper was No. 106. None of the intervening sixty-eight issues was greatly concerned with Sir Roger, and hence they would find no place in a volume chiefly concerned with the old Knight. With the one hundred sixth issue of the paper, however, the Spectator announced a visit to Coverley Hall, Sir Roger's country seat; and the next twenty-one essays included in this volume are, with but six

omissions, the essays as they appeared *in order* in *The Spectator*, from No. 106 to No. 132, inclusive, all but one written as though from the country.

The following twenty-one essays constitute, therefore, the real body of *The de Coverley Papers*, to which the first five (Essays I, II and IV in particular) are but a kind of introduction, and to which the subsequent nine are but a kind of conclusion. In the twenty-one essays we are next to read, we have Sir Roger at home, upon his ancestral estate, playing the rôle of country gentleman, and revealed to us in all the essential kindliness and simplicity which have endeared him to the world. These papers are a real unit.

The method of satire now to be employed is obvious: merely to reveal the simplicity and good faith of the country, to be contrasted by the reader himself with the complexity and artificiality of the city; and if the excess of simplicity in the country, with its superstition and ignorance, is to be satirized, the mere holding of it up to view by a sophisticated spectator is sufficient.

This paper and the next were intended by Addison and Steele to satirize the ordinary treatment of servants by their masters. The servant in a city establishment was considered a good one only as he had an infinite capacity for eliminating himself; he was to be seen and not heard. Dressed in magnificent livery, with impassive faces and stately manners, butler, footman, coachman, and outrider went about their tasks like silent, well-oiled automatons. Sir Roger's servants were human beings, and were treated as such.

Read the following twenty-one essays (with the exceptions noted later) more rapidly and less intensively than the first five, trying to get the essential charm of them and of the old Knight's character.

95. 14. **for that.** Notice the number of quaint old idiomatic expressions in this paper; i.e. **pleasant upon any of them** (p. 96, l. 20.)

96. 4. **pad.** An easy-paced old horse.

97. 9. **dependent.** See Introduction, p. 41. Compare the qualifications of the ordinary clergyman of the time with those which Sir Roger demanded and found in his chaplain (p. 97, l. 26—p. 98, l. 22).

98. 25. **who preached.** See ll. 16-22.

98. 27. **Dr. South** (Robert, 1633-1716) was one of the most eloquent preachers produced by the Church of

England. The others named were well-known divines of the same period or the one immediately preceding.

99. 11-18. Do you think this is good advice?

VII. SIR ROGER AND HIS SERVANTS

This paper, a logical continuation of the last, was in effect a biting satire upon the usual treatment of servants by masters, and the resulting attitude of servants toward their masters. The satire was achieved, as in so many of the papers, by merely holding up the ideal in contrast to the real, and by leaving it to the reader to make his own deductions.

100. 18. **economy.** Wise management.

101. 3. **stripped.** Deprived of his livery; either demoted or dismissed.

101. 19. **cast.** Cast off.

102. 5. **husband.** A careful conserver of his resources.

102. 9. **fine when a tenement falls.** The system of land-rental then in vogue provided that a **tenement** (land with cottage and barns) should be held by the tenant on lease. When the lease expired and was to be renewed, or when the tenant wished to sublet the property, a **fine**, or premium, was required to be paid by the tenant to the landlord. If a **stranger** became a tenant of a recently vacated tenement, he had to pay a **fine** for the privilege of signing the lease. Sir Roger was so frugal a manager that he could often spare a large **fine** to be used in setting up one of his faithful servants as an independent farmer; or, if the servant preferred to remain in service, to be used in providing for his comfortable old age.

102. 28. **manumission.** An interesting Latin derivative. Look up its exact meaning.

103. 9. **undone.** Unfortunate, reduced.

103. 18. **to prentice.** Secured him a position as an apprentice, in which he might learn a trade.

104. 4. **took off the dress he was in.** Removed the servants' livery, and made him an independent farmer.

104. 7. **seat.** country seat, or farm.

104. 15. habit. Dress; his livery as a servant. Even when he became a "gentleman" he was not ashamed of having been a servant of Sir Roger's.

VIII. WILL WIMBLE

Here Addison was bold enough to attack a deeply ingrained piece of social stupidity—the prevalent belief that the younger sons of the English nobility could not engage in business without a sacrifice of their social prestige. The English preferred "to see their children starve like gentlemen than thrive in trade or a profession that is beneath their quality." Re-read at this point that portion of the Introduction dealing with the law of primogeniture (pp. 40-41). **Will Wimble,** nimble, eager, active, was the typical younger son, whose case was doubly pathetic because he himself seemed wholly unconscious of his tragic waste of powers. In the words of the well chosen motto, he was "out of breath to no purpose, busy about nothing."

105. 1-5. You will have to untangle the pronouns **he** and **his** and **him.**

105. 10. jack. A pike.

105. 14. bowling-green. See Introduction, pp. 28, 35.

105. 19. Eton. One of England's great public schools, especially patronized by the nobility. It was founded in 1440 by Henry VI. Note the satire, especially well directed, in lines 17-20.

106. 13. officious. In the eighteenth century this word did not have the unpleasant connotation of today. It meant, rather, *eager to serve, anxious to oblige.*

106. 15. correspondence. Intercourse.

106. 16. tulip-root. The growing of Dutch tulips in England had become a veritable craze; bulbs brought fabulous prices.

106. 22. made. Bred and trained.

107. 14. sprung. Trapped.

108. 2. quail-pipe. A pipe for imitating the whistle of the quail, and thus luring the bird within gunshot.

109. 9. my twenty-first speculation. Look this paper up if you have access to a complete edition of *The Spectator.* Cf. also Essay XXVII in this volume.

IX. THE COVERLEY ANCESTRY

The Spectator was not holding up to ridicule a proper veneration of the past; he was poking fun at the prevalent attitude toward that which was old, the awestruck conservative's belief in the impeccability of "the good old days." Time had consecrated, in these ancestors of Sir Roger's, shallowness of intellect, vagaries of conduct, even viciousness of character. Absurdities of style in dress and conduct were also made ridiculous through the naive remarks of good Sir Roger as he conducted the Spectator through the portrait-gallery.

110. 22. **jetting.** Jutting out, full.

110. 24. **yeomen of the guard.** Any one who has seen the "beefeaters" at the Tower of London will readily visualize the style to which Sir Roger referred.

111. 8. **Tilt Yard.** Where the old jousts were held the office of the Paymaster General now stands. Nearby, in the "common street," the Cenotaph stands in honor of the British dead who fell in the Great War.

111. 13. **came within the target.** Struck the shield.

111. 16. **rid.** Note the old past tense of *ride*, now obsolete.

111. 23. **Coffeehouse.** Man's "Tilt Yard Coffee House," frequented by military men.

112. 3-7. For another excellent travesty on the styles, see *The Spectator* No. 127.

112. 12. **white-pot.** A kind of custard containing rice, currants, etc.

112. 28. **slashes.** Narrow openings cut in tunic or trunks of the old-fashioned garb to reveal a contrasting color of the material beneath.

113. 2. **sonneteer.** The writing of sonnets had become so prevalent a pastime that it is little wonder Sir Roger held in slight esteem the art of imitating this difficult Italian verse-form.

113. 2-23. This passage is in the Spectator's broadest satirical vein.

113. 22. **winked at.** Shut the eyes to; overlooked.

113. 24. **embarrassed.** Just what was it that caused Sir Roger's embarrassment?

114. 4. **Knight of this shire.** Representative in Parliament.

114. 5. **integrity.** What is the primary meaning of this word by derivation?

114. 30. **Worcester.** The battle of September 3, 1651, in which Cromwell defeated the Scottish royalists.

115. 4-5. **wisdom or simplicity.** Are these words of necessity mutually exclusive?

X. GHOSTS AT COVERLEY HALL

This is one of three papers which poked good natured fun at the prevailing superstitions of country folk—and city folk too, for that matter. Cf. Essays XVI and XXIV, and read again Introduction, p. 43.

117. 13. **raise.** Heighten, increase.

117. 19. **Mr. Locke.** Cf. p. 91, l. 4, and note thereon.

118. 27. **exorcised.** Rid of ghosts and evil spirits by means of some ritualistic formula.

119. 16. **Lucretius.** A reference to the Roman philosopher's *De Rerum Natura,* in which work superstition was derided.

120. 14. **Josephus.** A Jewish historian, perhaps the only writer of profane history of Christ's time who mentioned Jesus as an historical character. He lived in the first century.

XI. SUNDAY AT THE PARISH CHURCH

The relation of the country squire to his village church was (and still is) that of absolute control. The church "living" (the revenue from the tithes, or church taxes) was at his disposal, and the rector was a man of his own appointment. The abuses to which this system led may be the better understood by a re-reading of the Introduction, p. 41. The benevolent attitude of Sir Roger toward his parish church furnished the opportunity by contrast to satirize the prevailing religious atmosphere in the country districts—a condition sufficiently characterized in the last two paragraphs of the present essay.

122. 1-22. What do you think of the Spectator's statement regarding the secular advantages of Sunday observance as contrasted with the sacred?

123. 21. **particularities.** Meaning? See note on p. 92, l. 27.

124. 10. **polite.** Look this word up, and note the delicate shade of meaning implied in the eighteenth century use of it.

125. 16. **patron.** What gave this parson so much independence of utterance if he were dependent on his patron for his living?

125. 29. **five hundred a year.** Was an income of £500 a year a considerable sum in 1711? The purchasing power of the pound is estimated as from ten to fifteen times less in 1924 than in 1700.

XII. SIR ROGER'S LOVE AFFAIR

Wise and simple, subtle and naive, a subject for ridicule and an object of compassion, Sir Roger here told the readers of *The Spectator* of that love affair which was casually mentioned in Paper II. How do you account for the way in which Steele so cleverly guided his pen that the reader could both laugh at and still respect Sir Roger? Was he successful? Read Essay XVII in connection with this one, and see Introduction, p. 54.

126. 10. **settled upon.** What did Sir Roger mean?

128. 10. **murrain.** A disease of cattle; cf. our expression "a plague upon her" or "plague take her."

128. 15. **'Make way'**, etc. Why was this an absurd thing to say at the beginning of the case?

129. 6. **reading lady.** Does this sound like Leonora, Essay V?

129. 24. **from hence.** Redundant?

129. 27ff. Why was Sir Roger speaking in the present tense? Cf. p. 250, ll. 17-18, and note how long ago the incidents here related took place.

130. 8. **desperate.** Despair-inspiring. Does this sound like Leonora?

131. 8ff. Observe how Sir Roger became gradually incoherent.

131. 10. **by posing her.** Look up the story of the riddle of the sphinx.

131. 24. **tansy.** A pudding or cake in which the juice of tansy (an herb) was an ingredient.

132. 11. **Martial.** A Roman satiric poet.

XIII. INCOME AND EXPENDITURE

This paper might be entitled "The Shame of Poverty and the Fear of It." The truths stated are as applicable today as when Steele wrote; and the satire, though not bitter, is just as stinging now as then. Notice how many of the Essays can be given a current application, the truths affirmed being

universal, and the conditions that produced them being endlessly repeated. Who are the satirists now holding up to ridicule the faults and foibles of our own day? Have you read any of their works? Is their satire kindly or bitter? Compare it with that of *The Spectator*.

133. 1. **Economy.** Good management.

133. 2-3. **conversations.** Social intercourse—a more general meaning than that of the present.

133. 1-5. Does the second sentence seem logically to follow and enforce the first? Is it economy and good breeding that render men miserable, or pretending behavior? Is the meaning clear?

133. 21. **dipped.** Mortgaged.

133. 22. **usury.** Interest charges—not necessarily excessive rates, as in the present use of the word.

133. 23. **Proud stomach.** Haughty disposition. Look up the old meaning of the word **stomach.**

134. 11. **within compass.** Within his means.

134. 18. **personate.** To live up to.

134. 29. **Laertes, Irus.** Again the use of classical names to cloak possible reference to any individual. **Laertes** was the father of Ulysses; **Irus** was a beggar of Ithaca (*The Odyssey*).

134. 29. **fifteen . . . year.** What was his capital, if the estate produced this amount per annum at, say, 5 per cent?

135. 2. **four shillings in the pound.** The amount of the land tax, which he would save in addition to the interest on the mortgage.

135. 6. **a fellow of yesterday.** One of the *nouveau riche;* a man without family connections or background.

135. 14. **fear . . . shame.** See the motto prefixed to this essay. Was Steele in sympathy with either feeling?

135. 22. **sell his own corn,** etc. Every well regulated English estate had a bailiff, or farm superintendent, to attend to these matters. If you have read Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd* or Sheila Kaye-Smith's *Joanna Godden,* you will remember the heroines' difficulties in attempting to dispense with the services of a bailiff, and to run their own farms as Irus attempted to manage his.

136. 11. **Mr. Cowley.** In his own day, Abraham Cowley was esteemed a better poet than Milton, whose contemporary he was; but time has reversed that judgment. His essays, however, are still good reading.

136. 15. **author who published his works.** Thomas Spratt, D.D., who got out an edition of Cowley.

136. 20. **Vulgar.** The common people (Latin derivation?).

137. 15. **abstracted.** Withdrawn from (Latin derivation?).

XIV. PHYSICAL EXERCISE

The Spectator was being read, for the most part, by the men and women of fashion in and about London. To get the satire of this paper, read again in the Introduction (pp. 30-31) of the usual day in the life of such people.

138. 10—139. 8. What do you think of Addison's ideas of anatomy and physiology? Have two hundred years of medical science altered materially eighteenth century knowledge of the body and views as to its treatment?

139. 4. **ferments.** Stirs up.

139. 16-18. **spleen . . . vapors.** Many of the books of Addison's day were characterized by a quarrelsome ill-humor, and most of the women of fashion affected "the blues" and a general lassitude as altogether the becoming attitude. Against the men of **spleen** and the women subject to **vapors** Addison's satire was chiefly directed.

140. 15—141. 17. What was satirized in this paragraph? Did Addison seem more to respect labor for livelihood than labor for exercise? What difference in spirit do you note between this paragraph and the three that follow?

141. 10. **Widow.** Note the sense of unity and continuity produced by the mere mention of **the widow** in the several papers.

141. 22. **Doctor Sydenham,** Thomas (1624-1689). The most eminent physician of the seventeenth century.

141. 27. **Medicina Gymnastica.** A treatise on xercise by Francis Fuller.

142. 8. **Latin treatise.** *Artis Gymnasticae apud Antiquos,* published at Venice in 1569.

142. 10. The Greek word is "Skiomachia."

142. 22-27. Cf. p. 139, ll. 16-18.

XV. HUNTING AT COVERLEY HALL

This paper, suggested by the last and a logical continuation of it, was a mild poking of fun at the laborious exercise of those country squires who held the hunt to be a sacred British institution and for whom the Game Act was passed to maintain a divine right. See Introduction, p. 42.

Note that this paper, signed "X" was written by Eustace Budgell. (See Introduction, p. 62). Budgell has been criticized for failing to maintain a consistency in the character of Sir Roger. At what point or points in this essay does the character of Sir Roger seem inconsistent with the impression of him already formed?

143. 8. **Bastile** (more properly spelled *Bastille*). The famous prison fortress in Paris, destroyed during the Revolution. Here Dr. Manette was confined (Dickens's *A Tale of Two Cities*).

144. 5. **vermin.** Note the modern restriction of the word.

144. 15. **stone horse.** A stallion.

144. 21. **stop-hounds.** What is our modern name for this kind of dog?

144. 26. **nice.** Be nice in your knowledge and use of this word. The meaning here is the correct meaning today.

145. 26. **to beat.** To rouse the game for the chase.

146. 9. **"Stole away!"** The technical jargon of the hunt was beyond the Spectator; hence the hunters seemed not to understand him. The satire was delicate and merited.

146. 29. **opened.** Barked or bayed at getting the scent or sighting the game.

147. 17. **chiding.** Yelping.

148. 13. **Pascal,** Blaise. A great French philosopher of the seventeenth century.

149. 17. **Dryden,** John. The leading poet of his age—the last of the seventeenth century; a famous writer of satiric and didactic verse.

XVI. THE COUNTRY WITCH

Country superstitions were again satirized in this paper. (Cf. Essay X). A belief in ghosts might be harmless enough; but the belief in witchcraft, prevalent in the seventeenth century and before, and only beginning to abate in Addison's day, wrought untold misery and often death in the cases of

the harmless old women who were the objects of suspicion. The bloody trail of the Salem persecution in our own country was one of the most frightful evidences of superstition directed against infirm innocence; but in England, too, there had been recent executions for witchcraft under a law that was still on the statute-book when Addison wrote this paper. What better weapon could there be against an ignorant belief in the reality of witchcraft than satire? Addison's initial statement of suspended judgment served only to add force to the satire derived from the story of Moll White.

151. 15. **Otway,** John. A seventeenth-century playwright, author of *The Orphans,* from which the lines quoted were taken.

151. 25. **weeds.** Garments.

151. 28ff. All the vagaries attributed to Moll White in this paragraph were common superstitions respecting witches and witchcraft.

152. 28. **broomstaff.** The presence of a broom in Moll's house was of course a supicious circumstance, for witches were supposed to ride upon them. How was this incident, as well as that of the **cat** (l. 30), made to appear ridiculous? Cats were supposed to be incarnations of the devil. Cf. *Macbeth,* Act I, Scene 1, where a cat is mentioned as a "familiar", or attendant, of the witches.

153. 18. **tossing her into a pond.** Superstition decreed this as one of the tests for witchcraft. If the victim floated, she was adjudged a witch; if she sank, she was innocent—and probably drowned. In either event, superstition was vindicated.

XVII. SIR ROGER ON CONFIDANTES

Most women of fashion had their confidantes, or "whisperers," as the more expressive term was; attendants who were constantly at their sides to serve as foils for either their beauty or their wit. The custom had become so prevalent and was the cause of so much social embarrassment as to deserve reprehension from *The Spectator.* Sir Roger had cause enough to dislike the widow's confidante. See p. 130, ll. 25-30 of Essay XII, of which this paper was a logical continuation.

156. 22. **is a great fortune.** Because she had one.

157. 5. **whisperer.** Note the bad manners implied in this term.
157. 19. **personated.** Feigned, pretended.
159. 13. **this woman.** Which woman? What effect is produced by Sir Roger's ambiguous reference?
160. 5. **them.** Reference?

XVIII. MANNERS IN CITY AND COUNTRY

The slavish imitation of fashion, both in dress and manners, is one of the social marvels of all time. In our own day, ease and rapidity of communication and the wide circulation of magazines and newspapers enable the most remote province to be as politely fashionable as the metropolis; but in Addison's day Coverley Hall was more remote from London than it is today from Paris. It was little wonder that the rural districts should be rude and rustic and hopelessly out of date in the matter of fashions when judged by city standards. Did Addison, in the essay, level his satire at the rustics for their bungling attempts to be polite, or at his city readers for their contempt of things rustic, or at both?

161. 21. **conversation.** Social intercourse. Cf. **conversed in the world** p 162, l. 16.
162. 18. **shall.** Denoting customary action. The student who is interested in words would do well to investigate the uses of *shall* and *will* from Shakespeare's day to our own.
162. 20. **precedency.** The editor not long ago picked up in a London bookshop a quaint old volume wholly devoted to exhibiting the ceremonial that should obtain in court and official gatherings of all kinds; who should precede whom in state processions, with the finest graduations of the nobility and citizenry according to rank and standing. Modern books of similar kind may be found in any English bookshop.
163. 27. **conversation.** Note the modern and restricted meaning here.
164. 3. **clown.** Rustic, peasant.
164. 20. **Revolution.** That of 1688.
164. 23. **height of their head-dresses.** See *The Spectator* No. 98, for a satirical account of these fashions.

XIX THE COVERLEY POULTRY

How did this essay fulfill the purpose of *The Spectator* to "reprehend those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit"? Would it have interested his city readers? What would they have got out of it as applicable to their own lives? What was "reprehended"?

165. 18. **demonstrative.** Able to be demonstrated or proved.

166. 10. **nicer frame.** More fastidious.

XX. SIR ROGER AT THE ASSIZES

More than one silly thing in law and in conduct was satirized in this essay. Discover for yourself as many of Addison's satirical shafts as you can. What do you think of Sir Roger as a poseur? Are his self-conceit and love of approbation consistent with his character as so far revealed, or are they inconsistent with his simplicity and kindliness? Do we respect him the less for his human frailties, or love him the more?

171. 1-11. Note how the first paragraph is, in a way, a topic paragraph. Define *character* and *reputation*, basing your definitions on ll. 1-3.

171. 21. **county assizes.** See note on Essay II, l. 39.

172. 3. **within the Game Act.** See note on Essay II, p. 72, l. 19.

172. 10. **shoots flying.** The man was a good sportsman although he was frugal enough to shoot for a dinner. Wherein lay the satire?

172. 11. **petty jury.** The trial jury of twelve men (**petty**—*petit—small*) as contrasted with the grand jury of twenty or more (*grand—large*), which drew up indictments. The nomenclature and procedure still obtain.

172. 15. **quarter sessions.** See note on Essay II, p. 72, l. 17.

172. 22-23. **cast and been cast.** Won and lost lawsuits.

173. 14. **was sat.** Archaic for *had sat, convened.*

173. 15. **justices.** See note on Essay II, p. 72, l. 16. Note the difference between justices (of the quorum) and **judge** (l. 18).

174. 7. **Keep up his credit.** Cf. introductory note on this essay.

174. 8. **rose.** Cf. **sat,** 173. 14.

174. 23. **sign-post.** The signs hung up before inns and places of business had their origin in the days before most men could read. The sign, therefore, contained some painted device, from which the house took its name. The **Saracen's Head** was a not uncommon sign in England after the wars with the Saracens, these fierce Orientals lending countenance to a good many inns. It was at the Saracen's Head in London that Mr. Squeers was accustomed to put up (Dickens's *Nicholas Nickelby*). Among dozens of different inn signs noted by the editor on a recent trip through rural England may be mentioned The Red Cow, The Green Man, The Shoulder of Mutton, The Nag's Head, The Adam and Eve, The Sow and Pigs, and The String of Horses. An interesting history is doubtless associated with each.

175. 15. **discovering;** 19. **discover.** Notice the old and the modern meanings here in close conjunction.

XXI. HOW TO BRING UP CHILDREN

It is hardly to be supposed that the Spectator was soberly advising that all children of wealthy parents should be brought up in poverty, and vice versa; but if the student has carefully digested the introductory matter prefixed to this volume, he will have little difficulty in understanding the satire contained in this somewhat extravagant suggestion. The complex but superficial social life of the age of Queen Anne presented many difficulties to those who would wisely train the youth of both sexes; to achieve in their upbringing modesty, sincerity, and simplicity would seem an almost insuperable difficulty. What are the problems today, and how are they being met? Would the Spectator's satire be equally applicable now?

177. 12. **novel.** See note on Essay V, p. 91, l. 13.

177. 18-19. **threw himself into a court.** Attached himself to the retinue of the king or a great noble. Opportunities for preferment, both social and financial, were many.

177. 30. **Gazette.** See Introduction, p. 12.

178. 9. **Mr. Cowley.** See note on Essay XIII, 136. 11.

178. 13. **in order to this.** Note the quaint idiom.

178. 15-16. **farm of three hundred a year.** The revenue from rentals amounts to £300 per annum.

178. 18. **of as many thousands.** Compare the wealth of the two men in dollars.

179. 1-19. Cf. the account in the Introduction of the state of education among the country gentry (pp. 39-40).

180. 7. **inns of court.** See note on p. 72, l. 21.

181. 2. **give him a figure.** Cf. p. 174, ll. 6-7.

181. 16. **closet.** Study.

182. 15. On the day this paper was published, Addison wrote the following letter to his friend, Edward Wortley Montague:

"Dear Sir:—Being very well pleased with this day's *Spectator*, I cannot forbear sending you one of them, and desiring your opinion of the story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within this twelvemonth lost a place of £2,000 per annum, an estate in the Indies of £14,000, and what is worse than all the rest, my mistress. Hear this and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too; to which I must add that I have just resigned my fellowship and that stock sinks every day. If you have any hints or subjects, pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go to Ireland this summer, and perhaps would pass a month with you, if I knew where. Lady Bellasis is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you.

"I am, dear sir, yours eternally,

"July 21, 1711 JOSEPH ADDISON."

The Editor is indebted for this letter to the excellent edition of *The de Coverley Papers* by Professor H. V. Abbott of Smith College.

XXII. THE DANGERS OF PARTY RIVALRY

This paper and the next should be considered and discussed together, for they were intended to be supplementary; the one presented a problem and the other a remedy. Sir Roger did not figure very largely in either, nor did the

country life with which the Spectator had been occupied; the papers, indeed, were rather interpretive of the country spirit of the preceding numbers. The essays, however, are too valuable to omit; and the fleeting presence of Sir Roger in both warrants their inclusion. Note how much more direct and biting than usual was the spirit of the satire. Was this not warranted by the gravity of the problem attacked? These papers should be carefully studied, and for an understanding of them that portion of the Introduction dealing with the political parties should be re-read (pp. 16-21). Make a careful outline of the papers.

183. 5. **Roundheads.** Whigs, the supporters of Cromwell in the Great Rebellion, so called because of their close-cropt heads; **Cavaliers,** Tories, the supporters of Charles I, distinguished by their flowing hair.

183. 8. **person.** A Whig, or a Tory?

183. 10. **the boy.** Sir Roger died (See Essays II and XXXV) in the year 1712 at the age of 58 (circa). If he were a boy of ten when the incident here related took place, to what period was the Spectator referring when **the feuds ran high,** and what was the cause of the ill-feeling?

183. 11. **the next.** A Whig or a Tory?

185. 2-3. One of the most delicious touches of satire in the whole of *The Spectator.*

185. 4-15. Notice the two evil effects of party rivalry in its ordinary manifestations, the one public, the other private. In its private manifestations, note the two evil effects, the one on the mind, the other on the morals. These last-named effects furnish the chief topics of discussion in paragraphs 4-7.

185. 19. **detraction, calumny.** Note the shades of meaning.

185. 23. **Plutarch.** Author of *Plutarch's Lives,* one of the most famous biographical works in the world: comparative accounts of Greek and Roman statesmen and warriors. The reference here is to his essay, *On the Usefulness of Enemies.*

186. 3. **that great rule.** Christ's dictum, "Love your enemies."

186. 21. **A man of merit . . . principle.** A good man of another party.

186. 22. **two different mediums.** For example, air and water. Drop a pencil in a glass of water, and notice it **crooked and broken.**

187. 7. **sophistry.** False reasoning; self-deception.

187. 13. **postulatums.** Postulates, assumed truths on which an argument is based.

187. 18. **answerable to.** In harmony with.

187. 18-21. Let the student do some philosophizing on this statement. What would become of society if men no longer cared whether they were praised or blamed? What would become of men (and of society) if they were wholly motivated by public approval or disapproval?

187. 24. **Guelphs and Ghibellines.** Italy was torn between these two parties for over three hundred years. The Guelphs, composed of the common people, upheld the Popes in their fight for temporal power against the German Emperors, who had the support of the Italian nobles, the **Ghibellines.** The Spectator could hardly have chosen a better illustration.

187. 25. **league.** The Catholic League was founded in France to oppose the growing Protestant successes (1576). How had fierce political hatred manifested itself at this time? (Note that politics and religion were then almost interchangeable terms; the church and the state were one.)

187. 29. **to their interest.** To their side in a quarrel.

188. 13-30. Notice how Addison in this paragraph supplied the ground of transition to the next paper.

XXIII. A REMEDY FOR THE EVILS OF PARTY RIVALRY

Notice how the first paragraph of this paper carried on the point made in the last paragraph of the preceding paper. What did Addison gain by the whimsical form into which he threw his articles of association? Had the previous paper been more than usually serious? Was the present paper written in the same vein? On a second reading of the "form of an association," are you quite so sure that it is nonsense? What was Addison satirizing? Compare modern political conditions with those against which Addison was so indignant. Are political controversies less bitter in America and England today?

190. 5-7. **infamous hypocrites, immoral retainers.** Apparently in Addison's day there were "political bosses" and "ward-heelers."

190. 20. **Diodorus Siculus.** A Greek historian of the First Century after Christ.

190. 26-27. **finds his account in them.** Obtains an advantage from them—a common idiom of the time.

191. 17. **conversation.** Notice again the eighteenth-century meaning.

191. 29-30. Which was the Whig and which the Tory?

192. 7. **in my ear.** Confidentially. Notice how graphic the figure of speech is.

192. 8-25. Cf. Essay XXII.

XXIV. SIR ROGER AND THE GYPSIES

This is the third of the three papers that satirized the foolish superstitions of the country folk. Compare Essays X and XVI.

194. 5. **exert the justice of the peace.** Use his authority as a justice of the peace.

194. 6. **his clerk.** It was usually the clerk of the court who knew the law, not the justice. Without his clerk the average country squire would have made a very pathetic picture on the bench at quarter-sessions.

194. 22. **crosses their hands.** Observe the naive force of the figure.

195. 16. **Cassandra.** The Trojan maiden who foretold the future, but was fated never to be believed.

196. 10. **darkness of an oracle.** Look up the word **oracle** in Bulfinch, Gayley, or a classical dictionary.

196. 14-16. Did Sir Roger believe in the gypsies?

196. 22. **vermin.** To what animal was this term last applied?

198. 15. Does this story of the kidnapped boy give point to the essay or not?

XXV. REASONS FOR LEAVING COVERLEY HALL

The Spectator, in this paper, was not ironical about country ignorance and prejudice alone; his city readers had

but to stop and think to realize the extent to which bigotry existed. Doubtless they were the better for reading this paper. Can it be possible that the satire applies to us?

199. 1-15. Was Sir Roger so simple after all? Is there any difference between this characterization of him by Addison and that in Essay XV, for which the editors have criticized Budgell?

199. 16-200. 8. Note the skill with which Addison drew his analogy to paragraph 1.

200. 6. **Westminster.** When London was merely the city within the walls, Westminster was an independent municipality. It is now part of modern London.

200. 27. **"White Witch."** The popular belief in witches was very logical and coherent. There were white witches, who wrought good rather than harm, although sometimes addicted to mildly mischievous pranks; gray witches, who could both help and harm; and black witches, who performed only evil deeds.

201. 2. **Jesuit.** Member of the Catholic order of the Society of Jesus.

203. 3. **Commonwealth's men.** A fling at the Whigs, who were supporters of Cromwell in the Great Rebellion.

XXVI. TO LONDON BY COACH

We are able to pass judgment solely by means of comparison; we estimate the thing judged by comparing it with that of its kind which is perfect. Christ said, "I come to bring judgment into the world"; and he did it merely by holding up the pattern of a blameless life in contrast to the faulty lives of men. There was the germ of satire. It is the method used by *The Spectator* more than once to enforce the *judgment* of a faulty thing. The smug churchmen and the fashionable snobs of 1711 looked with contempt on the Quakers. Steele, in this paper, held up the wise and gentle Ephraim to view, and the Quakers' critics were *judged* by that very act. The contrast between their own lives and that of Ephraim furnished the satire for those who had wit to see it. Of quite a different kind was the satire leveled at the average army officer. A mere picture of the obnoxious captain branded a type that was all too familiar to the English people. How was the familiar type

of army officer satirized in the sketch of Captain Sentry (Essay II, pp. 74, l. 24—76, l. 5)?

204. 1. **Having notified.** Have you noticed other instances of the "dangling participle"? The construction was so frequently used that we must assume that the usage did not offend in Addison's day.

204. 9. **Mrs.** This title was applied to women whether they were married or not. Of what word is **Mrs.** a contraction?

204. 17. **intelligence.** News.

205. 5. **Equipage.** See note on Essay III, p. 80, l. 20.

was very loud. Like master, like man.

206. 8. **smartness.** Keenness; not the word we should use today. Note how the word has deteriorated since the time of *The Spectator*.

206. 9.-207. 4. Notice the admirable mixture of mercilessness and gentleness in the Quaker's speech. What gave it the latter quality?

207. 10. **Smoky.** Keen.

207. 20. **disputes on the road.** See Introduction, p. 37.

208. 15-25. This final speech of the Quaker's is not precisely an instance of the pen's being mightier than the sword, but is certainly an instance of the triumph of mind over matter.

XXVII. A DEFENSE OF TRADE

As in the case of the two papers regarding party rivalry, this paper deserves careful study, not mere cursory reading. The contempt in which trade was held by the gentry and nobility was sufficiently reproved by Sir Andrew's able but good-tempered defense of his own class. Make a brief of the argument: "Resolved, that the merchant class is more important than the landed gentry to the welfare of the country." See Introduction, p. 45.

209. 2. **parties.** Did Steele mean political parties?

209. 5. **Roman fable.** See Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, Act I, Scene 1. Cf. also *I Corinthians* XII, 12-26. In the fable of which Shakespeare made use, the stomach is accused by other members of the body of appropriating selfishly the food, of which it is the first recipient. In reply, the stomach shows what its own functions and la-

bors are, and points out how the interdependent organs and members of the body are all the beneficiaries of its labors.

209. 18. **Carthaginian faith.** That the Carthaginians made treaties only to break them.

209. 25. **cozenage.** Trickery.

210. 22. **rallies.** Makes fun of.

210. 26-27. **competition for quarters.** Striving for place in the midst of congested traffic in the streets.

211. 10. **numbers.** Figures.

212. 1. **break.** Fail in business.

212. 7. **impertinently.** Improperly, carelessly.

213. 3. **assurance.** Insurance is the more common American term.

213. 8-9. Cf. Essay XIV.

213. 11. **communicates.** Shares.

214. 10. **purchase a room for his picture.** Cf. p. 113, ll. 15-23.

XXVIII. THE CRIES OF LONDON

In a day when newspaper advertising, as now practiced, was almost unknown; when the signs over shops were rather pictorial reminders than printed notices of wares for sale; when window displays were few and crude because the windows were small and leaded; in such a day the unwary shopper found himself assailed at every turn by those who solicited his trade. "Barkers" were in front of every shop, and every itinerant vendor shouted his wares. If the student can obtain access to it, he should look up the interesting series of old colored prints, "The Cries of London"; he will then better understand the absurd pandemonium which *The Spectator* was satirizing in the somewhat extravagant letter of Mr. Ralph Crotchet. What cries have survived in our own city streets?

215. 6. **Ramage de la Ville.** The warblers of the town.

215. 18. **Crack.** Cf. our modern slang phrase "The fellow is cracked."

216. 10. **Freeman.** A citizen enjoying certain exemptions from tolls and taxes and having the right to vote because he possessed "the freedom of the city or borough."

216. 16. **Liberties.** Special districts having special privileges under their charters. They were usually exempt from the jurisdiction of the sheriff.

216. 26. **Ela.** The note A in the musical scale.
217. 2. **Gamut.** Scale.
217. 11. **Card-matches.** Formerly made by dipping in melted sulphur a thin strip of wood in the form of a toothed card.
217. 24. **News . . . published.** By the official town-crier.
220. 10. **CROTCHET.** Whence the name?

XXIX. SIR ROGER IN LONDON

Nearly 140 issues of *The Spectator* had intervened between the publication of the last paper written from Coverley Hall and this one. The authors evidently felt that a breath of fresh country air would now be acceptable. What specific things were made fun of in the account of Sir Roger's visit to London? Was the eager interest of London in Prince Eugene's visit really any less naive than that of the old knight?

221. 10. **Gray's Inn Walks.** See note on p. 72, l. 21.
221. 14. **Prince Eugene.** The famous Austrian general, Prince of Savoy, who had been the Duke of Marlborough's ally in the recent wars on the continent. He had come to England to stir up public sentiment toward a continuation of the alliance with Austria, of which England was becoming tired. The enthusiasm of his early reception soon wore away.
221. 20. **Scanderbeg.** Prince of Epirus, famous for his wars with the Turks. He lived in the fifteenth century.
222. 20. **Marks.** The English mark was worth a little more than thirteen shillings (about $3.00). Note, however, the difference between eighteenth century and twentieth century values.
222. 28. **Good principles.** Of which political party?
223. 10-224. 5. Cf. Irving's Essay, "Old Christmas," in *The Sketch Book.*
223. 15. **Chine.** The backbone of the hog.
224. 2. **Smutting.** Literal or figurative?
224. 8-9. **Late Act of Parliament.** The Act of Uniformity —a bill requiring absolute conformity with officially prescribed rites and ceremonies of the Church of England. When was it passed? What was the Test Act?

224. 11. **Dissenter.** One who would not conform with the prescribed ritual; a non-conformist. When Cromwell secured the power, what did Parliament do in the way of curbing holiday feasting? Wherein lay the humor of Sir Roger's belief that the Act of Uniformity was taking effect?

224. 23. **Pope's Procession.** A Whig demonstration against the Catholics, which took place each year on November 17, the anniversary of the accession of Queen Elizabeth. Mary, Elizabeth's predecessor, was a Catholic; but Elizabeth overturned her sister's religion and established the Church of England.

225. 5. **Baker's Chronicle.** See note on p. 91, l. 23.

225. 12. **Squire's.** The favorite coffeehouse of the lawyers.

XXX. SIR ROGER IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

In no other church in the world are there buried so many famous dead as in Westminster Abbey; and in no other church, perhaps, are there so many tombs of men whose fame has faded with the years. No other great church is so crowded with monuments and memorial tablets, great and small, of the artistic quality of most of which the less said the better. The thing that confuses many a foreign visitor is that the greatest of the monuments (in size) often commemorate the men of least fame—a striking commentary on the way in which time often reverses contemporary judgment. That the English themselves are often at sea as to who their great men really are, according to Westminster standards, seems evident from the character of Sir Roger's naive and random comments.

226. 2. **My paper.** *The Spectator*, No. 26.

226. 18. **Widow Trueby's water.** "Strong waters," made of herbs, were the "patent medicines" of Sir Roger's time. There were many different kinds on the market, most of them with an alcoholic base.

227. 2. **Stone or gravel.** Disease of the gall-bladder.

227. 9-10. **Sickness . . . at Dantzic.** The plague of 1709.

227. 23. **Engaged.** In his affections only. For a formal engagement the word *bethrothed* was in use.

228. 13. **Sir Cloudesley Shovel.** English admiral drowned in 1707. His great monument is referred to in uncomplimentary terms in No. 26 of *The Spectator.*

228. 15. **Busby's tomb.** A modest memorial commemorating Dr. Richard Busby, for fifty-five years head master of Westminster School.

228. 27. **Cecil.** Lord Burleigh, one of Queen Elizabeth's counselors. He is depicted as kneeling before the tomb of his wife.

228. 29. **Martyr to good housewifery.** Elizabeth Russell. The story of the cause of her death is probably a fiction.

229. 7. **Two coronation chairs.** The older, the chair in which all the English kings have been crowned since the time of Edward I (1297), has clamped to its base the Stone of Scone (cf. *Macbeth,* Act II, Scene iv.), which Edward I seized in Scotland and brought to Westminster. Tradition has it that this is the stone which Jacob used for a pillow (cf. **Jacob's Pillar**) when he slept at Bethel and beheld the ladder set up from earth to heaven. By a devious way this stone was supposed to have arrived in Scotland, and upon it the Scotch kings were crowned until Edward I carried it off. The second coronation chair is that provided for Mary, crowned jointly with her husband in 1689.

229. 15. **Pay his forfeit.** A special fee was required for the privilege of sitting in the Coronation Chair.

229. 17. **Trepanned.** Probably current slang for *exposed* or *caught.*

229. 24. The **sword,** large and heavy, still stands near the Coronation Chair, as it did when Sir Roger laid his hand upon it.

229. 25. **Black Prince.** The son of Edward III, famous as the hero of the Battle of Crecy.

230. 1. **Touched for the evil.** Cf. *Macbeth,* Act IV, Scene iii. The "King's evil" (scrofula) was so called because of the belief that the disease could be cured by the touch of the monarch. Dr. Johnson was taken to Queen Anne to be cured, but "the royal hand was applied in vain." He

is said to have been the last person "touched for the evil."

230. 5. **Without an head.** At the time of the Cromwellian wars, the Puritans violated many English shrines and ruined many fine old abbeys. The silver head of the effigy of Henry V disappeared at this time.

230. 8. **Some Whig.** Was Sir Roger right this time?

XXXI. FASHIONS IN BEARDS

If pupil and teacher are pressed for time, this rather undistinguished paper by Budgell may be omitted without great loss. The satire is so obvious as not to require comment.

232. 1. **Lucian.** Roman satirist.

232. 6. **Aelian . . . Zoilus.** The one a Roman, the other a Greek philosopher. They were of the second century after Christ and the fourth century B. C., respectively.

232. 30. **Don Quevedo.** A Spanish satirist of the seventeenth century.

233. 9. **Saxon heptarchy.** The seven Saxon kingdoms of southern England.

233. 10. **Norman line.** After William the Conqueror, 1066.

233. 13. **Queen Mary's days.** "Bloody Mary." She ruled 1553-1558.

233. 15. **Cardinal Pole** (1500-1558). English cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop Gardiner (1483?-1555), English prelate and Lord Chancellor.

233. 25-26. **Hudibras . . . Butler.** Samuel Butler wrote *Hudibras*, one of the most famous satires in English literature, in which the Puritans were held up to ridicule. The work, which is in verse that often is merest doggerel, was begun just after the Restoration (1660) and was completed about 15 years later. It should be seen in an edition containing Hogarth's famous illustrations.

234. 4. **Whisker.** Wherein did the **whisker** differ from the **beard**?

234. 17. **Æsculapius.** A famous Greek, the reputed "father of medicine."

XXXII. SIR ROGER AT THE THEATRE

Read again in the Introduction the account of the condition of the theatre in 1710, and the reasons that produced the low moral tone of the plays. One of the avowed purposes of *The Spectator* was to cleanse the stage of "folly and impertinence" (Essay IV, ll. 126-132). In giving publicity to "the new tragedy," *The Distressed Mother*, Addison was calling attention to a play of a kind totally different from that which appealed to the popular taste. Notice the direct praise of the play in the last paragraph.

235. 3. **The new tragedy.** Racine's famous French classical tragedy *Andromaque*, translated for the English stage by Ambrose Phillips.

235. 6-8. **The 'Committee'.** Sir Robert Howard's comedy, which held the Puritans up to ridicule; hence **a good Church of England comedy.**

235. 10. **Hector's widow.** See note on p. 237, l. 8. Notice how the word *widow* always elicited Sir Roger's interest.

235. 13. **End of the dictionary.** A delicate thrust at the education (or lack of it) of the average country squire.

235. 15. **Mohocks.** See Introduction, p. 25.

235. 18. **Black men.** See note on p. 65, l. 3.

236. 13. **Four o'clock.** The play began at six.

236. 20. **Steenkirk.** The village in Belgium, near which the French in 1692 defeated the English.

236. 22. **Plants.** Cudgels.

237. 8. **Upon the entering of Pyrrhus.** To understand the allusions to the play and Sir Roger's comments upon it, a brief outline of the plot is essential. At the end of the Trojan war, Andromache, widow of the slain Trojan hero Hector, was captured by Pyrrhus, a leader of the Greeks. Pyrrhus was betrothed to a Greek maiden, Hermione, having won her hand in competition with Orestes, another of her suitors. After the capture of Andromache, however, the love of Pyrrhus for Hermione cooled, and he besought the widow of Hector to marry him. She refused until, to compel her, he threatened to kill her young son, Astyanax; then she tearfully consented. Immediately after the wed-

ding Pyrrhus was slain at the altar by Orestes, who had been incited to the deed by the jilted Hermione.

237. 25. **Pyrrhus his threatening.** Notice the quaint old form of the possessive.

238. 3. **Dramatic rules.** A reference to the discussions of dramatic art which had been periodically appearing in *The Spectator*.

238. 4-7. Notice the fling at the current high-flown style.

239. 7. **Smoke.** Ridicule. Cf. *smoky*, p. 207, l. 10.

239. 13. **Done upon the stage.** The Greek dramatic rules forbade a murder upon the stage. Racine's drama was written to conform to his Greek models.

XXXIII. WILL HONEYCOMB'S LOVE AFFAIRS

This is the third of the three papers in this collection written by Budgell, and is easily his best. The humor is broad but not offensive, and the satire is keen but kindly. It is interesting to note that Will Honeycomb at last succeeded in finding a woman who would have him. The Spectator told in Paper 530 of Will's marriage to a country girl, the daughter of one of his former tenants. He must have been driven to some extremity to marry a social inferior; but after his numerous rebuffs, it must have been something of a triumph to marry at all.

241. 21. **Surgeon.** A barber. The two professions were combined in one, and partook of the social status of the latter.

241. 22. **Put.** A current slang term of contempt.

241. 28-29. A reversal of the customary procedure.

242. 8. **My fortune.** There was a decidedly mercenary tinge to most of Will's romances.

243. 9. **Last Saturday.** Discussions of successive Books of *Paradise Lost* had been appearing in the Saturday issues of *The Spectator*. The portion of the poem here quoted is from Book X.

XXXIV. A TRIP TO SPRING GARDEN

Spring Garden, or Vauxhall as it was also called, was a recreation park not unlike certain American resorts of today. It was formerly thought of as at a distance from town, though the site is now in the heart of greater London.

Sir Roger, taking a boat at the Temple Stairs, had a ride of less than a mile to reach his destination. For a description of Spring Garden and similar places of amusement, see the Introduction, p. 27. A reading of this section will indicate clearly enough what the Spectator was satirizing and with what purpose.

245. 22-246. This rather biting allusion to a nation's neglect of her wounded soldiers who had been discharged from service would not be amiss today, as any traveler in Europe can testify.

246. 14. **La Hogue.** The sea-fight of May 19, 1692, in which the English and Dutch defeated the French. Cf. Browning's well-known poem *Hervè Riel.*

246. 16-24. Is this satire on national boastfulness especially applicable to the English today, or are they inclined to be reticent about their greatness?

246. 29. **This side Temple Bar.** Toward Westminster, to the west and south of "the city."

247. 1. **The fifty new churches.** Churches which Parliament was proposing to build. Why should the building of churches be a matter of parliamentary action? In criticizing the slowness of the work, Sir Roger was criticizing which political party? See Introduction, p. 36.

248. 27. **animadvert.** Notice the derivation and meaning.

XXXV. THE DEATH OF SIR ROGER

John Morley, in commenting on this paper in his edition of *The Spectator,* wrote: "Steele had by this date resolved on bringing his *Spectator* to a close, and Addison's paper on the death of Sir Roger, the first of several which are to dispose of all the Spectator's Club and break up the Club itself, was the first clear warning to the public that he had such an intention." Years after the paper had ceased, Budgell quoted Addison as saying: "I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murder him." Neither he nor Steele could bear to have the creature of their imagination revived later by a strange hand that might depict him without sympathy and fidelity.

249. 11. **Address.** A formal request.

249. 13. **Whig Justice.** The little pleasantries were kept up even in the presence of death.

249. 25. **You was.** Good usage in Addison's time.
250. 28. **Cold day.** The simple-mindedness of the old Knight again.
251. 29. **Quit-rents.** Final charges.

The Spectator continued for 38 issues, and with No. 555 was brought to a close. After a year and a half Addison revived the paper, and published 80 additional numbers, making 635 in all.

TRANSLATIONS OF THE MOTTOES

(From Henry Morley's edition of *The Spectator.*)

No. 1. *Hor. Ars Poet., v. 143.*

One with a flash begins, and ends in smoke;
Another out of smoke brings glorious light,
And (without raising expectation high)
Surprises us with dazzling miracles.

ROSCOMMON.

No. 2. *Juv. Sat. VII. 167*

Six more at least join their consenting voice.

No. 6. *Juv. Sat. XIII. 54.*

'Twas impious then (so much was age revered)
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appeared.

No. 34. *Juv. Sat. XV. 159.*

From spotted skins the leopard does refrain.

TATE.

No. 37. *Virg. Æn., VII. 805.*

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskilled.

DRYDEN.

No. 106. *Hor. I. Od., XVII. 14.*

Here plenty's liberal horn shall pour
Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,
Rich honors of the quiet plain.

No. 107. *Phæd. Epilog., 2.*

The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal, to show that the way to honor lies open indifferently to all.

No. 108. *Phæd. Fab., V. 2.*

Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.

No. 109. *Hor. II. Sat., II. 3*

Of plain good sense, untutor'd in the schools.

No. 110. *Virg. Æn., II. 755.*

All things are full of horror and affright,
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.

DRYDEN.

No. 112. *Pythag.*

First, in obedience to thy country's rites
Worship th' immortal gods.

No. 113. *Virg. Æn., IV. 4.*
Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart.

No. 114. *Hor. I. Ep., XVIII. 24.*
The dread of nothing more
Than to be thought necessitous and poor.
POOLY.

No. 115. *Juv. Sat. X. 356.*
Pray for a sound mind in a sound body.

No. 116. *Virg. Georg. III. 43.*
The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite.

No. 117. *Virg. Ecl. VIII. 108.*
With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.

No. 118. *Virg. Æn., IV. 73.*
The fatal dart
Sticks in his side, and rankles in his heart.
DRYDEN.

No. 119. *Virg. Ecl. I. 20.*
The city men call Rome, unskillful clown,
I thought resembled this our humble town.
WARTON.

No. 120. *Virg. Georg. I. 415.*
I deem their breasts inspired
With a divine sagacity.

No. 122. *Pub. Syr. Frag.*
An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

No. 123. *Hor. IV. Od., IV. 33.*
Yet the best blood by learning is refined,
And virtue arms the solid mind;
Whilst vice will stain the noblest race,
And the paternal stamp efface.
OLDISWORTH.

No. 125. *Virg. Æn., VI. 832.*
This thirst of kindred blood, my sons, detest,
Nor turn your force against your country's breast.
DRYDEN.

No. 126. *Virg. Æn., X. 108.*
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me.
DRYDEN.

No. 130. *Virg. Æn., VII. 748.*
A plundering race, still eager to invade,
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

No. 131. *Virg. Ecl. X. 63.*

Once more, ye woods, adieu.

No. 132. *Cicero.*

That man may be called impertinent, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

No. 174. *Virg. Ecl. VII. 69.*

The whole debate in memory I retain,
When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain.

No. 251. *Virg. Æn., VI. 625.*

A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues
And throats of brass inspired with iron lungs.

DRYDEN.

No. 269. *Ovid, Ars Am., I. 241.*

Most rare is now our old simiplicity.

DRYDEN.

No. 329. *Hor. I. Ep., VI. 27.*

With Ancus, and with Numa, Kings of Rome,
We must descend into the silent tomb.

No. 331. *Pers. Sat. II. 28.*

Holds out his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

No. 335. *Hor. Ars Poet., 327.*

Keep Nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.

FRANCIS.

No. 359. *Virg. Ecl. II. 63.*

Lions the wolves, and wolves the kids pursue,
The kids sweet thyme,—and still I follow you.

WARTON.

No. 383. *Juv. Sat. I. 75.*

A beauteous garden, but by vice maintain'd.

No. 517. *Virg. Æn., VI. 878.*

Mirror of ancient faith!
Undaunted worth! Inviolable truth!

DRYDEN.

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